Vol. CXXXVI. No. 1765.

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THE BYSTANDER OCTOBER 13, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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MOTOR SHOW NUMBER

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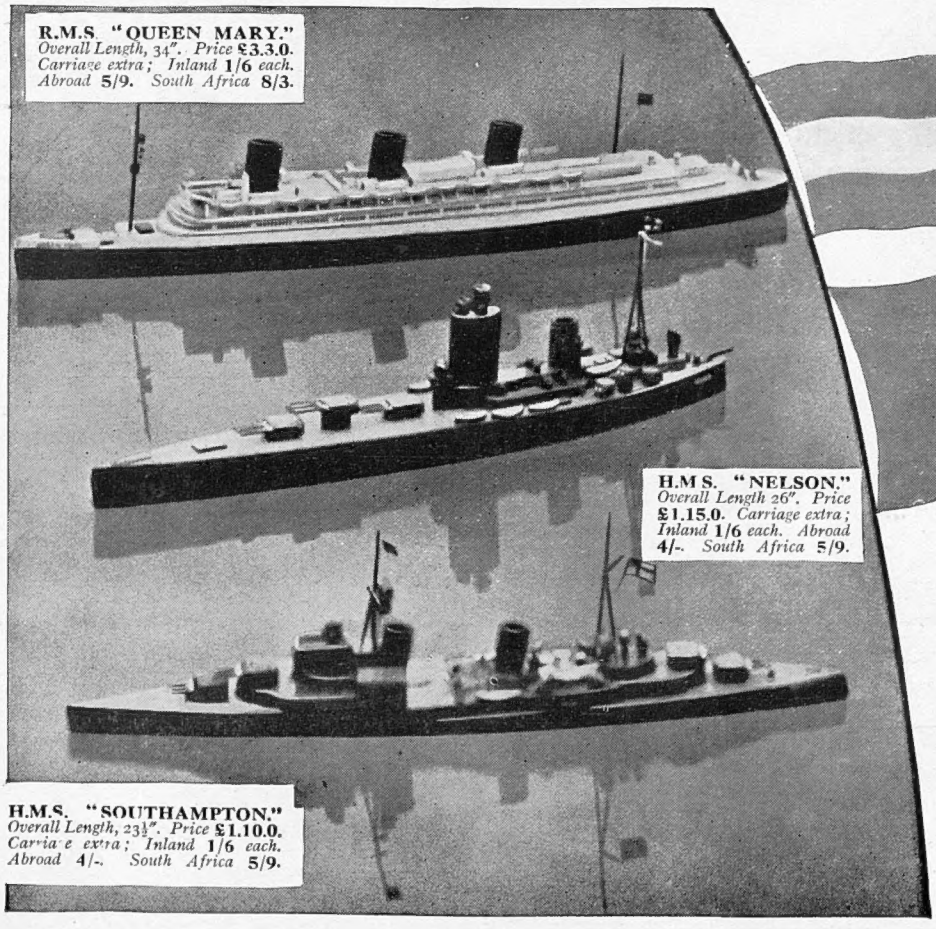

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The Bystander, October 13, 1937 No. 1765. Vol. CXXXVI.

The Bystander

Anthony

A Dancer From the East

Sono Osato, who posed for this camera-study, is the half-Japanese dancer in Colonel de Basil's company. She is a fascinating little creature to watch on the stage, beautifully made, with exquisite arms, hands and feet. This year she has had her first solo parts and shows herself a dancer of much promise. The Tarantèlle in *Cimarosiana*, a rôle of the past season, reveals an unexpected vitality, speed and precision in place of her dreamy aloofness as a member of the corps de ballet

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

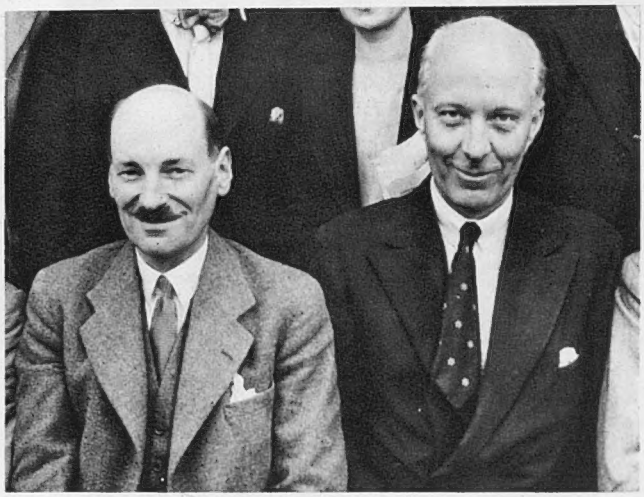
INCOMPARABLY the most important event of last week was President Roosevelt's Chicago speech. It is probably the most far-reaching statement of foreign policy made by any President during the last twenty years. In the capital of the Middle West, in the heart of the "Isolationist" country, the President emphatically and solemnly warned America that he would co-operate with any peace-loving nation in a "concerted effort in opposition to those violations of treaties, those ignoring of humane instincts" which are rampant in the world. If the epidemic of world lawlessness is allowed to spread, declared Mr. Roosevelt, "let no one expect that America will escape, that it may expect mercy, that this hemisphere will not be attacked."

THE President's clear vision and amazing boldness have at one blow exposed the fallacy of American "neutrality" in times like these. Woodrow Wilson's dilemma exists just as much today as it did in 1915 and 1916. If America announces beforehand her inflexible determination to remain neutral, she must reconcile herself to the torpedoing of her ships and the killing of her mercantile sailors. But if she defends her ships and sailors, she must abandon neutrality. There is no third course, and the President has just pointed this out to the Americans in his Chicago speech.

IMMEDIATELY after this stern warning to the world that the President of the greatest Republic in the world was not afraid of any dictator, came the official statement from the WhiteHouse. Mr.Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State, issued the Government's endorsement of the President's speech, and, in so many words, announced its readiness to join in any discussion of the Japanese violation of the Kellogg Pact and of the Nine-Power Pact.

AS at present arranged, the Olympic Games of 1940 are to be held in Tokio. I wonder if our Olympic Games committee is soon going to issue an appeal for funds to get our athletes in good trim for the visit and to pay for the cost of the stay in Tokio. Would it not be far better to do what should have been done at first—choose Helsingfors for the 1940 Games and wait for a change of heart in the Far East? Finland has a much stronger claim than Japan in any case, having entered the Olympic arena years earlier and having performed with greater distinction.

GLASGOW dockers are imposing an embargo on the handling of any materials which they suspect may be intended for use against China. Australian dockers in several of the big ports are doing the same. The power of the dockers of the world is immense if it is organised. During the war they destroyed Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's chances of attending the Peace Conference at Stockholm, and after the war it was the strong attitude of the strong-arm men around and about the Southern Railway which knocked on the head the tentative suggestion that Signor Mussolini should visit these shores.



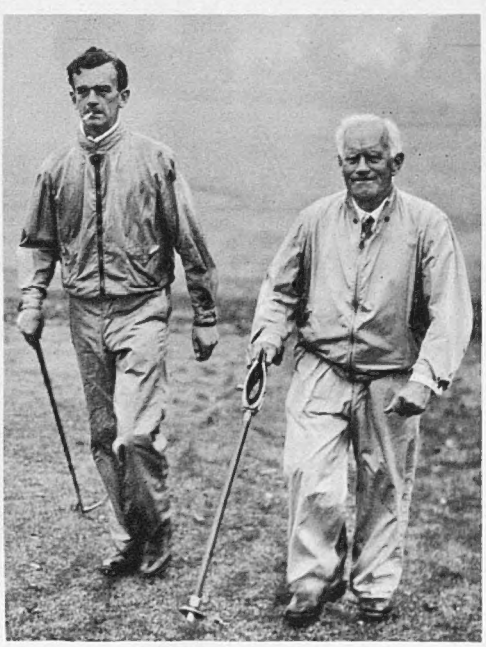
Labour Leaders at Bournemouth

Major Attlee, leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party, and Mr. Hugh Dalton, chairman of the Labour Party Conference, had rather more controversial sessions to handle at Bournemouth than the Conservatives had at Scarborough. Defence, foreign policy, the "United Front," and the Party's immediate programme, which Major Attlee presented, were some of their big subjects

THE Palmerston front has gone into almost complete quiescence since Mr. Chamberlain became Prime Minister. When people act unkindly towards British subjects, there is a distinct tendency now to speak sharply to them. The old idea of apologising at once and bolting down to Worcestershire has disappeared. Even as I write, the news comes through that Lord Perth, in earlier days Eric ("Bull-Dog") Drummond, of the League of Nations, has been instructed to demand an Italian reply to the Franco-British Note on Spanish "volunteers" within a specified time. This is indeed a gesture of the real Lord Palmerston at last. More and more we are returning to the outworn notion (outworn, at least, under the benevolent régime of Lord Baldwin) that Britain ought to, and, what 's more, can, hold her own in the world. So it looks as if bulletins from the Palmerston Front will be closing down.

WE have all been trained to believe that dictators can compel their subjects to do anything they like. Recent photographs have proved to some tune that they obviously cannot compel their tailors to cut decent breeches. The dictatorial breeches in Berlin and Munich were positively dreadful. Indeed, if they had not encased the limbs of two such august gents, I would have said that they were only fit to be worn at a meet of the Narkover hounds. But as it is, I do not dream of such blasphemy.

VITTORIO MUSSOLINI has left Hollywood. His father is annoyed with the President. There is even some talk of an Italian boycott of American goods. It would be interesting to see this in



The Inns of Court Played for the Scrutton Cup

Mr. Justice Hawke is between two Middle Temple players, Mr. Justice Finlay and Sir Norman Raeburn, K.C.; Middle Temple lost to Inner Temple in the semi-final for the Inns of Court Cup given by the late Lord Justice Scrutton

Lord Russell and his heir, the Hon. Charles Russell, played together for Lincoln's Inn. Their team reached the final, to be beaten by Inner Temple, the holders, by five matches to two

action. America has a habit of being in a position to sell oil. If Italy does not want American oil, and she certainly would never stoop so low as to buy Russian oil, that only leaves British, Rumanian, and Dutch oil. The position is not so easy as it looks for Vittorio's papa. And, incidentally, what vittorio was he named after ?

At the Labour Party Conference at Bournemouth a resolution was passed, after a heated and violent debate, by a majority of more than eight to one, in favour of rearmament. An undertaking was given by the Executive that they would draw up a scheme for the " democratisation " (what a word !) of the armed forces. This can only mean a scheme for accelerating promotion from non-commissioned to commissioned ranks. It sounds grand on paper. And we veteran heroes of Omdurman and the Red River Expedition (hats off to Sir Garnet !) can well remember the technical efficiency of the ranker officers, and their devotion to duty, and their unfailing gallantry. But would the men, and their ex-colleagues, the N.C.O.s, follow them ? Not they. The callowest sprig from Eton or even Harrow made a better leader than your stoutest ex-sergeant-major. Which was very unfair. But true.

If there is one institution in this country which prides itself on retiring modestly out of the limelight and scorning all publicity, it is the ancient and famous College of Winchester. It is the centre and core and nub of honest, quiet conventionalism. Precedent rules. Originality is taboo. At least, that is the idea. I wonder if it holds water. Let us see. Last week two Socialist lawyers were elected to the Labour Executive, Cripps and Pritt, both Old Wykehamists.

In the same week, Bermondsey was rent by a Fascist march led by Mosley, an Old Wykehamist. The Divorce Bill was put through the House of Commons by Mr. A. P. Herbert, an Old Wykehamist. Some years ago, the Empire was almost disrupted by Mr. Jardine, an Old Wykehamist. So I begin to wonder if the legend is true. I almost think that they court publicity as much as anyone else.

By the way—I am an Old Wykehamist too.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle selected a picturesque Napoleonic figure in Captain de Marbot as the basis on which to create his Brigadier Gerard. Marbot, a dashing young light cavalryman, reappears this week in a new Napoleonic novel called *So Great a Man*, but soon hands over the baton, so to speak, to his younger brother. This novel is by an author, David Pilgrim, whose name is new to me, but I shall be greatly surprised if it does not become pretty well known soon. *So Great a Man* is the best and most exciting novel of that period which I have come across for years.

Last week the Bystander published an extraordinarily fine photograph of Sir Arnold Bax, the famous composer, and printed underneath a brief account of his achievements and honours. Oddly enough, the description did not include a reference to his long and distinguished cricket career. For years Sir Arnold was a slow left-hand bowler of illimitable guile, and he took a very large number of wickets in his day. After all, I imagine that pretty nearly anyone could write a Sonata once they had got the knack of it. But to flight a slow leg-spinner is a very different thing.

In last week's issue also appeared a glib and confident statement by the compiler of the feature known as " The Passing Hour " to the effect that the Nyon Conference had eliminated piracy in the Mediterranean. He has authorised me to apologise for his over-confidence, and added plaintively " Things happen so quickly nowadays. It was just my bad luck that the Basilisk was attacked an hour or two after we 'd gone to press."

Mr. Henry Longhurst is, I think, the most entertaining of golf writers, always excepting the great Mr. Darwin and, naturally, our own Mr. Morrison. But surely he is slipping a little when he says that Mr. Langley, the young Walker Cup golfer from Stowe, " was generally adjudged the best schoolboy cricketer since the war." Surely a certain Mr. Jardine was at Winchester after the war ?

It will be interesting if the M.C.C. and the Harlequins can come to an agreement about the lease of the Nursery ground at Lord's for the playing of Rugby football. At present the Harlequins play at Twickenham, and even their resilient souls are becoming a little daunted at playing club matches in front of two hundred—or, on gala days, two thousand—people sitting in stands that can accommodate seventy thousand. If they transfer to Lord's, always, of course, with the august agreement of the august M.C.C., London will have the advantage of being able to watch, once in a while, the world's most comical game without having to take a whole day over it. Or am I thinking of basket-ball ?

This Week's Index

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" Bystander " Ladies' Autumn Foursomes, Ranelagh and Roehampton, pages 64, 65, i

Mr. J. B. Manson and His Work

James Manson, the director of the Tate Gallery, is holding an exhibition of his paintings at Wildenstein's. Of late he has only shown occasionally in group shows, but before he took over his museum job he was an active member of Sickert's Camden Town school. His official position makes him custodian of his own work, for the Tate possesses a Manson flower piece

Miss Daphne Banks and Her Work

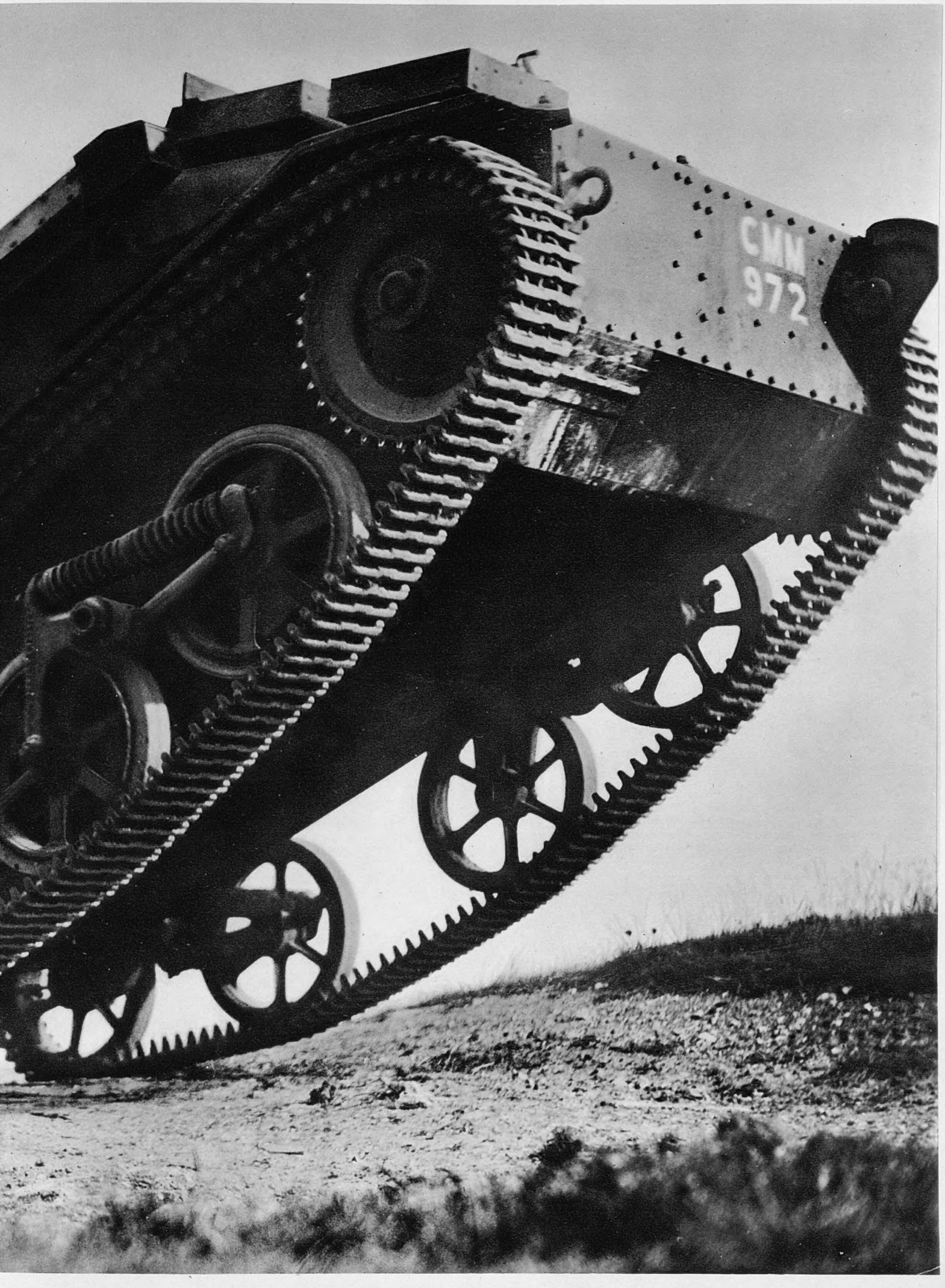
The resemblance to her father is so striking that you hardly need to be told Daphne Banks is the daughter of Leslie Banks. She is twenty-one years old and is here at work on a mural for the new decoration scheme of the Players' Theatre; it represents a meeting of the Evans' Supper Club, which occupied the site before the theatre

Over She Goes!

Four Mechanised Tons Move at Forty Miles an Hour

The little monster on this double page is one of the newest of the Army's land fleet—a 1937 Light Tank, Mark 6 A. It weighs four tons, has a 4½-litre engine, makes 45 m.p.h., and is manned by a crew of three: a commander, a driver and a gunner, who has two Vickers machine-guns to play with. Compare these specifications with the medium tanks shown in the "Bystander" a month ago—12 tons, 15 m.p.h., crew of five—and you can see that the light tank is exactly three times as light and three times as fast as its big brother, easier to disable but more difficult to hit. It can jump, too. There are 132 of these tanks in a brigade, with 86 medium ones to make up the four battalions. To move the whole tank brigade one mile would take 83 gallons of petrol. The photograph was taken at a special practice ground on Salisbury Plain, to which the tanks are usually confined (for after all it would not be very amusing to have one pop over the hedge on to the picnic hamper). This one belongs to the 1st Tank Brigade with headquarters at Pesham Down

Photograph by Norman Parkinson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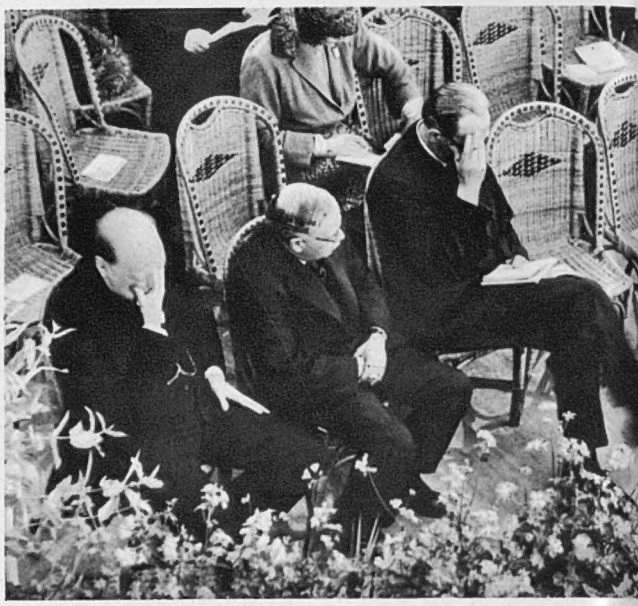
Reception

Mrs. Duncan Sandys and her father, Mr. Winston Churchill, were being received at an evening "do" by the Mayor and Mayoress of Scarborough, Alderman and Mrs. Butler



After This Sort of Thing—

Mr. Churchill, Sir Kingsley Wood and Lord Plymouth were obviously thinking more about what they were going to say than about what the invisible speaker was saying

Lord Ebbisham took his wife and his youngest daughter, the Hon. Janet Blades, to Yorkshire for the Conference. He was treasurer of the Conservative Party organisation in 1931-3 and is president of the Surrey Division of the Association

Conservatives By the Sea

The Party Held Its Sixty-Fourth Annual Conference at Scarborough

Headline Speechmaker

Lord Plymouth's speech on foreign affairs on the first day gave the London evening papers their headlines. As chairman of the Non-Intervention Committee, his serious words were of first-class importance

Mr. H. C. Elliott was talking to Sir Kingsley Wood. The Minister of Health's first-day speech dealt with the birth-rate question and the need for "really complete vital statistics" before steps could be taken to deal with it

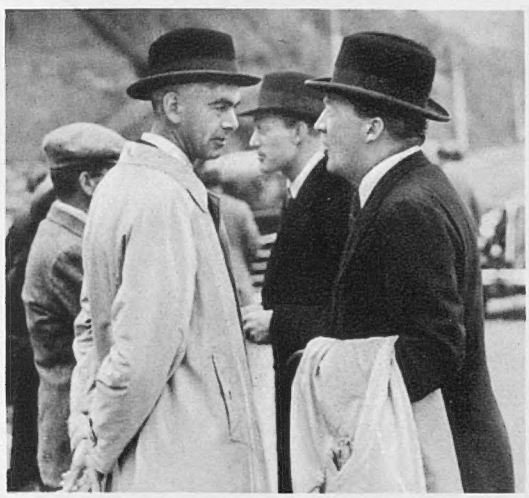
Mr. Arthur Rowe, secretary to the Conference, was the busiest of men before, during and after the meetings

—A Breath of Sea Air

Letting the conference-hall cobwebs blow away, Sir Hugh and Lady Lucas Tooth watched the North Sea's grey turbulence. He was M.P. for the Isle of Ely for five years

—And a Break for Lunch Don't Come Amiss

Delegates scurry off to their hotels for lunch when the morning session in the Conference Hall at the Spa breaks up. Next year the Conference is moving still further north: it is going to be held at Newcastle



Mr. W. S. Morrison, the Minister for Agriculture, spoke on the opening day on milk and eggs. With him is Colonel Powell

Lord and Lady Bingley motored to Scarborough from Bramham Park. He was M.P. for Barkston Ash for twenty-five years

Lord Windlesham (Sir George Hennessy before the last New Year's Honours), Vice-Chairman of the Party, is with Sir Paul Latham who was on home ground as M.P. for Scarborough and Whitby

Below: Mrs. Clara Fyfe, chairman of the Central Council of the National Union of Conservatives and Unionist Associations, and president of the Conference, is with Lady Headlam

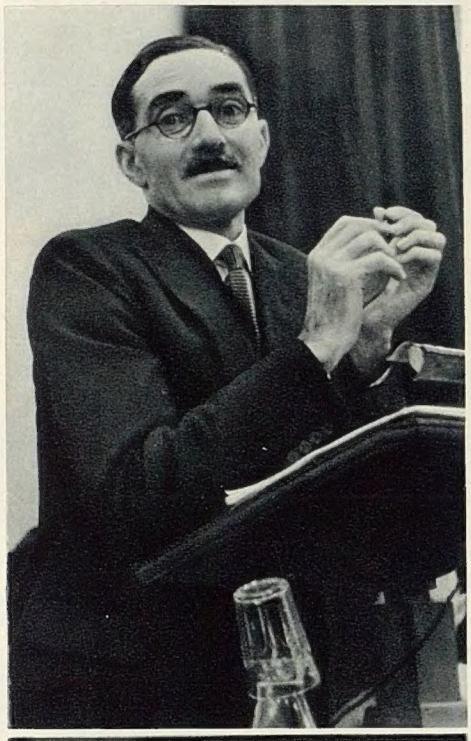
Sir Robert Topping was another busy man; he is General Director of "Central Office," and the party's principal agent

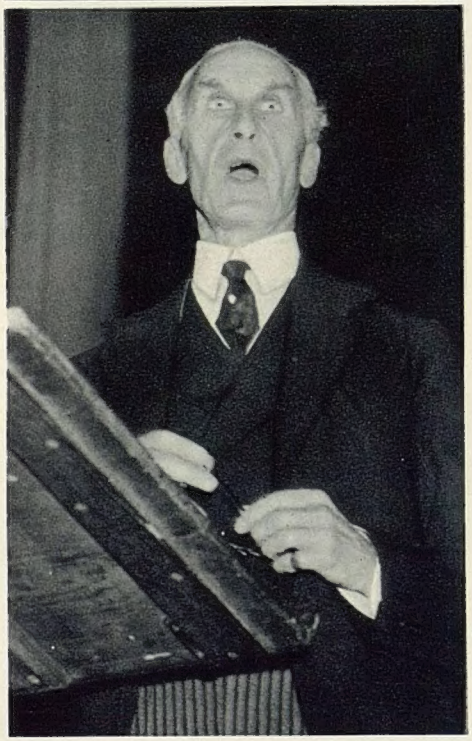
Mr. S. C. Collis talked to Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Sir George Stanley, a Privy Councillor, and a pillar of one of the great English Conservative families

FACES

And Figures Reflected by Flashes

ORATORY





Above: Lord Lytton moved the resolution condemning Japan's war on Chinese non-combatants at the vast protest meeting organised by the "News Chronicle" at the Albert Hall

Top: Lord Aberdare was calmly persuasive to the meeting of the Central Council of Recreative Physical Training, of which he is chairman

CONVERSATION

Mr. J. H. Thomas's listening face and Sir Vansittart Bowater's portentously speaking one brought themselves together over a glass of sherry before the City of London Licensed Victuallers' dinner

Sir Hugh Walpole stroked his forehead and gave his opinion on "Checkmate," the new Sadler's Wells ballet

REACTIONS TO THE CAMERA

Above: Mr. Hore-Belisha was as pleased as Punch to see a friend at the première of "The Road Back"

Top: Fred Astaire looks like crying, but it was only camera-shyness all of a sudden—at a Los Angeles tennis tournament

THE BIRTH OF A BLUE

Robert Taylor won the Inter-Varsity relay race in the last lap—and he had to try hard to do it, even though it was all make-believe for his film "A Yank at Oxford"

Portrait of Vivien Leigh

Lovely English Vivien Leigh has been chosen by M.G.M. to act with their pet Robert Taylor, good-looker, good actor and good box-office. So they have lifted her out of her long-term contract with Korda, under which she 's just made *First and Last*, with Laurence Olivier, rented two stages at Denham, and are making *A Yank at Oxford* at the moment. Then Miss Leigh goes back to London Films, who have plenty waiting for their particularly photogénique star of *Dark Journey* and *Fire Over England*. Snatched by the films when her stage reputation had just shot up, Vivien Leigh probably won't be back on the boards for some time—a pity. Fritz Lowen painted the portrait

"Bystander" Short Story No. 108

The Camera Cannot Lie!

By E. J. Ward

Illustrated by E. Spring-Smith

ALTHOUGH Weiner was arguing with the prop-man he was able to observe, through the corners of his eyes, his wife laughing and talking to Loti. Whenever he looked at her nowadays she seemed to be enjoying herself with Loti. The prop-man, mindful of the growing displeasure on Weiner's face, stopped arguing and hurried off to conjure up yet another omelette for the breakfast scene which had held them up all morning.

Concealed in the shadow of the towering Jameson camera, Weiner watched the couple jealously. His head was aching as though someone had clapped iron bands around his forehead and screwed them tight against his flesh.

There had been the trouble with the leaves in the forest scene. In various ways they had attempted to make them tremble naturally, as if a breeze was blowing through the trees. They had tried electric fans, but the buzz they had set up nearly sent the recorder home in despair. It was not until Weiner, half-frantic with vexation, hit upon a solution that they were able to proceed. It had meant tying tiny threads to each leaf and manipulating the ends with the help of four electricians, who hid in the shrubbery behind the trees.

That was when his headache began. Now there was his wife making a fool of him in front of everyone. He imagined that they were laughing at him.

"LIGHTS!" he shouted, beside himself with anger. "Quiet, please! Right—camera." He signalled with his arm to the Jameson operator. Gradually, smoothly, the camera manœuvred into position. The take commenced.

He sat down quietly in the canvas chair and pulled the green shade over his eyes to shield them from the bluish-radiance of the Kleig-lights.

It was not so long ago, he thought bitterly, watching his wife closely, that she had been a mere chorus girl. He had coached her, taught her the technique of film-work and pleaded with Munmayer for a test. Now, being successful, she was independent.

The thought depressed him beyond words.

He watched Loti catch her in his arms and pull her towards him. The camera crept closer for the close-up. Weiner thought suddenly of the thousands of people who would see that shot of Loti kissing *his* wife. My God! She was making a fool of herself.

How quickly scandal would ruin a star! He had seen it happen before this and had thought it funny in its strange, human way. This time it was happening to him. He knew how these things went. There 'd be a trip in a car—with Loti, then tongues would wag—the fans would begin writing—the newspapers would play it up. No chance of a come-back either.

He fumbled in his pocket and took out a phial of aspirins, making a wry face as he swallowed one. The script was almost a blur in his hands. He could barely see to read.

He watched Loti suspiciously. His acting was terrible. He was making love like an adolescent schoolboy. The thought struck Weiner that he was doing it purposely—to put him off the track. There was no passion in him at all. Cunning! Very cunning! But it hadn't deceived him. He knew Loti's acting too well for that.

"Cut!" he shouted.

"Loti!" he cried, "you 're terrible. You 're making love like a butterfly. What 's the matter with you?"

"I guess I 'm tired, Mr. Weiner."

"Tired! Tired! Who isn't tired? We 're all tired. All right. All right. Feel temperamental if you want. I 'll give you half an hour to get some energy back. Then we 'll take it again." He saw the crowd dash for the restaurant. His wife turned towards him hesitantly, but he pretended not to see. She looked at him and then disappeared with Loti.

"Well," he thought, "I 'll have my coffee here." He did not want to go into the restaurant and be patronised.

"Boy," he cried, "get me a cup of coffee."

Awaiting his coffee he saw Bernhardt crossing the set.

"Hey, Berny! Have some coffee? Make it two cups, boy," he corrected, seeing Bernhardt nod and come over towards him.

"Hullo, Weiner. How 's things?" Bernhardt began, lowering his bulk into a chair beside Weiner.

"Well, it 's a good story. Nothing wrong with the story. Setting 's good, too—yes—good settings. Camera work 's fine. So 's the crowd. But Loti—he 's terrible."

"Loti? Surprises me. He 's a good man."

"Berny, when a man 's trapped in a wooden shack way up in the mountains with a lovely young woman for company, and he acts as though he 'd just left his old mother with strict instructions to be good. Pah! That 's the impression Loti gives you."

"Sounds bad, Weiner. Can't believe it, somehow." Bernhardt stroked his chin reflectively.

"Berny, mind if I ask you something about Loti? You know, we 've known each other for years, and my mind always turns to you when I 'm troubled about anything."

"You 're not ill, old boy? Thought you looked very well after your trip to Scotland. Didn't you enjoy yourself?"

"Oh, I had a good time, Berny. Darn good time. Did me good to get away from everything for a while. But it 's not my health that 's troubling me. It 's my wife. She 's changed since I got back."

"Vera changed? That 's an argument for taking a wife with you. Same old circle, you know. Doesn't do a woman any harm."

"I suppose I should have taken her with me. I trusted her, though. Now . . . she 's playing around with Loti."

The words cost him an effort, even with Bernhardt.

"Playing around with Loti! Are you sure?"

"Use your eyes," said Weiner painfully.

"You mean whilst you were away?"

Weiner nodded his head.

"But it 's impossible, old man. You 're making a mistake. I was with Loti all the time—we went yachting together. Vera wasn't with us. Besides, Loti 's straight as a die—I 'll vouch for that. He 's never had an affair in his life. I dare say he 's capable of adoring a woman—but anything else—why, it 'd be repugnant to him!"

"Is that so?" said Weiner, surprised. "Why, the way the papers boost him, you 'd think he was a twentieth-century Don Juan."

"Publicity."

(Concluded on page viii)

Goro

Sand-Ski-ing

A New Sport as America Plays It

Sand-ski-ing broke on the American sport-world last spring, and, so they say, "the sport is continuing this fall with renewed interest." The sand mountains in the photographs on this and the next two pages are the Sandy Neck dunes near Centerville, Cape Cod, and there a Norwegian ski professional shows beginners how it is done. Some of the dunes are long enough for ski-ers to get up a speed of forty miles an hour, and steep enough to give experts some fun with their turns. Here and there, bents and pine-needles make the surface a good imitation of frozen snow, really glassy. The country is wild and lonely, with tremendous empty sand-scapes. The only means of transport are motors fitted with balloon tyres (and even then pushing and digging are needed at times), sand-sleds drawn by horses, or skis: with any of these, explorers can get to stretches of this sand ocean where it is easy to believe nobody ever went before. This side of the Atlantic the only report of sand-ski-ing has come from Le Touquet, but the dunes there are on nothing like the vast scale of the Cape Cod seaboard

Sand-Ski-ing : *continued*

Turning the Dunes into Nursery Slopes

Two Methods of Climbing

Like the Best Kind of Powder Snow

Every movement of this sand-ski-ing comes straight from the orthodox snow version, even the drudgery of "edging" up a slope. For falling on, sand has more of a leaden thump for you than snow, but it is not so engulfing. And though it gets down your neck as penetratingly as the white stuff, at least it can't melt

The Familiar Sitting "Schuss"

Photographs

A Class Sets Off to a New Slope

The bents make the going faster but the turns more tricky

Below : the beginner suffers all the usual qualms when she faces downhill, and takes the same strained positions

The Equally Familiar Kick Turn

by Goro

"Coq d'Or"

Fokine's Russian Fairy-Tale Ballet

The world of enchantment and escape to which ballet holds so potent a key was never more splendidly revealed than in *Coq d'Or*. Gontcharova's setting and dresses dazzle and enthral with their wonderful combination of richness, blazing colour, and simplicity. The characters that Fokine has taken from Pouchkine's fairy tale and re-created in this ballet are immediately familiar and real, and the handling of the bold, gay crowds of boyards, peasant women, soldiers, the pattern-weaving of dancers and visions prove again how incomparably Fokine paints a crowded canvas. The rights and wrongs of turning Rimsky-Korsakov's opera into ballet (the adaptation is by M. Tcherepnine) have been much discussed, the most interesting contribution to the controversy being the choregrapher's own letter to *The Times* in reply to an article headed "Ravages of Ballet." Right or wrong, the result has been one of the big successes of Colonel de Basil's season at Covent Garden. That season is now, unfortunately, over, and the company have left for their American tour

Riabouchinska darts and flashes across the stage as the shining, elusive Coq d'Or

Right: Baronova is supple, provocative and mocking as the Queen of Shemakhan

Like a fascinated ... King Dodon (Pa... visions: Rostova ...

umble-bee caught in a voluptuous spider's web of beauty, toff) watches the Queen of Shemakhan and her attendant nd Morosova, Jasinsky and Petroff, Osato and Grigorieva

Photographs by Anthony

The Magician reveals his magic bird: Algeranoff (whose miming is excellent in this ballet) and Riabouchinska

Below: while his sons and his people go to war, the hedonistic old monarch dreams of a beautiful houri. Platoff brings something quite his own to this part, and through Fokine's conception of Dodon presents a character who is first cousin to Soglow's famous and absurd "Little King"

Garbo plays the lovely Polish Countess with whom Napoleon fell in love in Warsaw in 1806, with the French actor Charles Boyer as her co-star

A "take" in progress, with the director, Clarence Brown, watching from his chair and the famous camera-man, Karl Freund, check-coated, standing behind him

Mme. Walewska in travelling dress—redingote, beaver hat, veil, and muff

Garbo on the Set

She Plays Marie Walewska, Charles Boyer Plays Napoleon

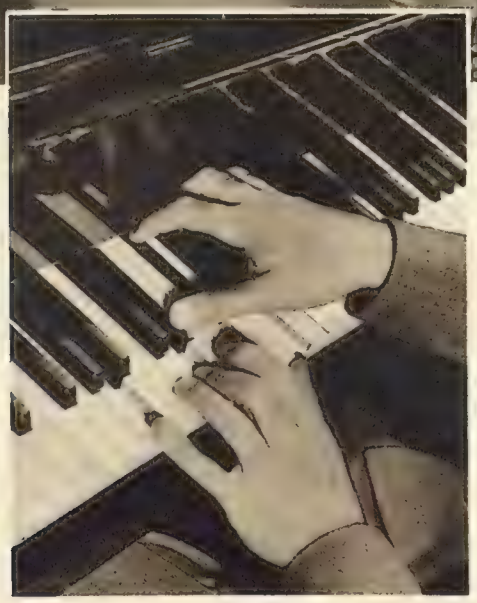
Garbo is at once so shy and so autocratic about publicity and photographs that friendly, informal pictures of her have a definite scarcity value. This "behind the scene" series shows the Swedish star working on her latest M.-G.-M. film, *Marie Walewska* (also "finally" named *Conquest*), which may well be one of her biggest successes. Clarence Brown who is directing has had more experience of working with Garbo than any other director. He makes two illuminating comments on her acting. One refers to her "uncanny gift of expressing any emotion," the other to her "sureness" when she comes on the set to act, a sureness that is the result of a thorough and detailed study of the character she plays, of her lines, and of her own approach to the part. In this film Karl Freund, the camera-man, is introducing a new "natural lighting" technique for interior scenes which will give much stronger and more realistic results—no spot lights, or lamps overhead or at strange angles, but all the light coming from the direction where windows or lamps would really be. This simple thought is greeted in Hollywood as a tremendous innovation

Napoleon peers down at the script while Mme. Walewska goes through a scene with Clarence Brown. This is the seventh film in which he has directed Garbo. "Anna Karenina" was another of the seven

Karl Freund and Garbo discuss a technicality

Garbo has her hair adjusted between shots

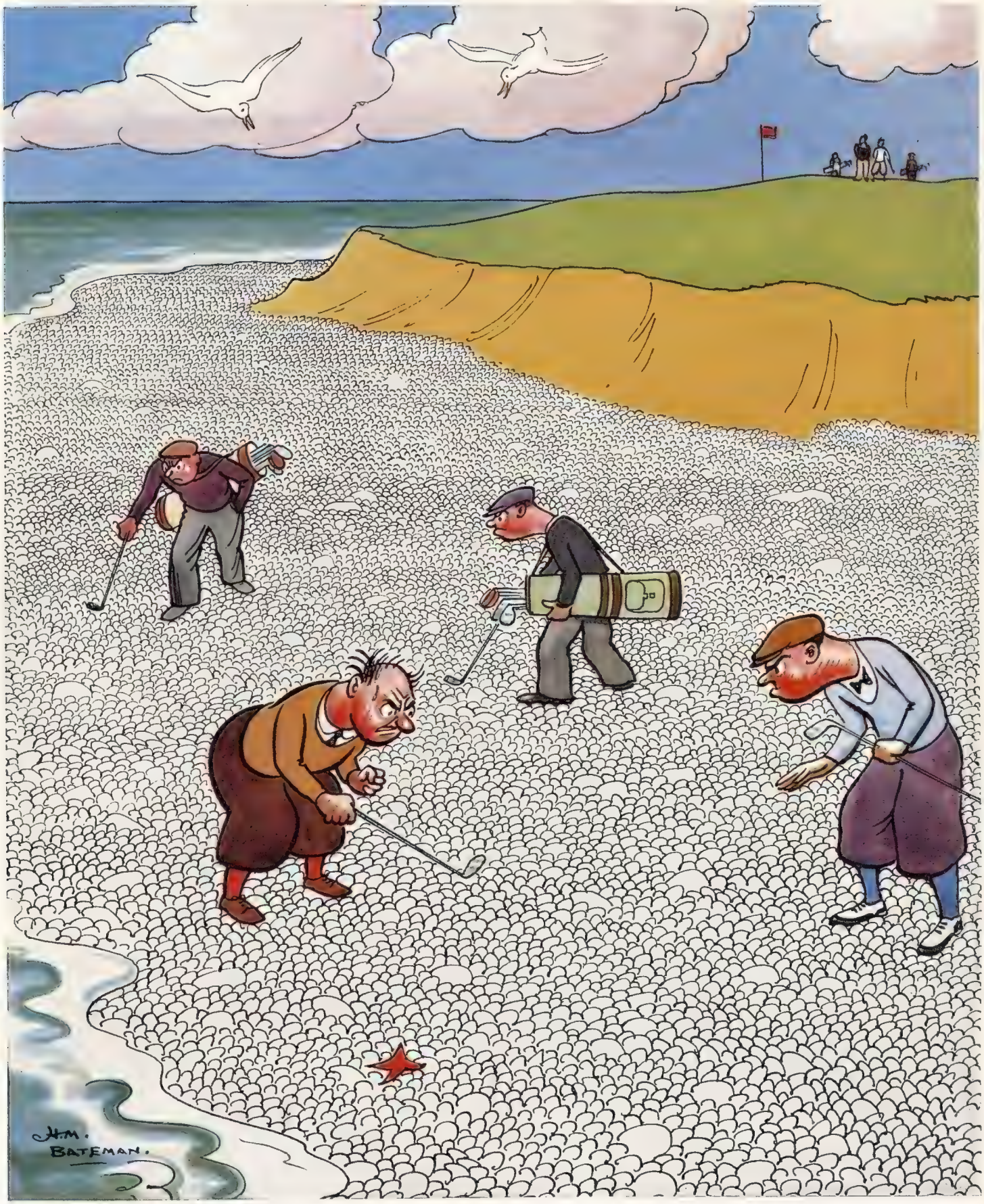
Roy



Benno Moiseiwitsch

A Pianist and His Hands

Moiseiwitsch's hands, strong, sensitive, servants of a fine technique and a musicianly mind, are away from the piano only for seven days in the year—the first week of the pianist's annual holiday. For amusement they are the hands of a keen but not ambitious golfer, Moiseiwitsch having become so English during his long residence here that golf is his favourite recreation. He got back recently from a tour round the world; ports of call included Palestine, where he played with the new orchestra inaugurated by Toscanini; Australia, for the fifth time; New Zealand, and home by Panama. Immediately he returned he appeared at one of the last Promenade Concerts (he is a "Prom" regular, and great favourite). Next Sunday he and Segovia, the great guitarist, are sharing the programme of Mrs. Augustus Ralli's concert at the Hyde Park Hotel, in aid of the West London Hospital



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Cannons of Hollywood

The Hon. Signe Gully

Yevonde

The Hon. Antoinette Preston

Four Autumn Engagements

Angela Haig-Thomas is the eldest daughter of Mr. Peter and Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas; her mother is Lord Normanton's sister. She is engaged to Mr. Richard Gurowski, Scots Gaurds, son of Count and Countess Gurowski, of Woolhampton Park, Reading

Yevonde

The Lady Elizabeth Percy

Eileen Antoinette Mary Preston, Lord Gormanston's only sister, daughter of the late Viscount Gormanston and Viscountess Gormanston, is engaged to the ski-ing champion and author, Peter Lunn. He is Mr. Arnold and Lady Mabel Lunn's son

Signe Evelyn Gully (middle of top row) has announced her engagement to Mr. Max Brandenstein, younger son of Herr and Frau Ludwig Brandenstein, of Munich. She is the eldest of the late Lord Selby and Dorothy Lady Selby's three daughters, and a sister of the present Viscount

Left: Sq.-Leader Lord Clydesdale and Lady Elizabeth Percy announced last week the engagement that joins two important families and two important individuals. Lady Elizabeth Percy, elder daughter of the late Duke of Northumberland and the Duchess of Northumberland, was one of Queen Elizabeth's six Coronation train-bearers; Lord Clydesdale, heir to the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, is a well-known flier and has sat for East Renfrewshire since 1930

Vandyk

The Marquess of Clydesdale

Social Register

Weddings and Whatnot In and Out of Town

RESTAURANT OPENING

Lady Dufferin and Ava and Emilio Colombo

Lady Dufferin had that musical attention paid her at the opening night at the Mayfair where Colombo plays waltzes and the Praxmair Tyroleans make a gay noise

A FASHION DICTATRIX

Maggy Rouff Comes to Town

Maggy Rouff was over here for the opening of the London branch of her Paris establishment, and can be seen in the Gainsborough hat; with her is Comtesse Thérèse de Caraman-Chimay. In private life Maggy Rouff is Madame Besançon de Wagner

A PREMIÈRE

In

Sir John Lavery had two of his daughters with him at the New Gallery premiere of "The Road Back," which attracted a distinguished audience, and showed them an American film-version of Remarque's second war book

A YORKSHIRE COMING-OF-AGE

Lord and Lady Halifax and Their Sons

The Hon. Peter Wood was twenty-one last week, and this group of him, his parents, Lord and Lady Halifax, and his elder brother, the Hon. Charles Wood, M.P., was taken at their Yorkshire home, Garrowby (where the Prime Minister stayed last week-end). Peter Wood spent the week at Garrowby, then had to go back to Oxford to "resume his studies" as the photograph's caption put it: his father is also his Chancellor

Mrs. Clive Graham

Was racing at Kempton in a trousseau suit of check whipcord. She was a September bride, was Dorothy North; her husband is one of the "Daily Express" racing experts

AUTUMN RACING

Viscountess Bridport

Lady Bridport was at Newbury to see some of the autumn racing there. She was Pamela Baker before her marriage three years ago; her father, Mr. Charles Baker, owns Letcombe Park, near Wantage

WEDDINGS—TOWN AND COUNTRY

e New Gallery Foyer

Mr. S. A. Parker and Miss Adelaide Everitt

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. W. P. Clyde and Miss Robertson

W. P. Clyde and Rosemary Robertson were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the elder son of Mr. W. P. Clyde and of Mrs. Allan Kyle, of 25, Montagu Square, W.; she is the only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Frank Robertson, the Black Watch, and Mrs. Robertson

Above, left: Sydney Alexander Parker, the Hon. Alexander and Mrs. Parker's only son, and Adelaide Everitt, of Knowle Hall, Warwickshire, daughter of the late Major S. G. Everitt and Mrs. M. Paxton, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. Bishop de Salis, the bridegroom's uncle, officiated

Below: the Archbishop of Canterbury officiated at the wedding of Mr. Kenneth Wade Parkinson and the Hon. Dorothy Lane-Fox at Bramham, the home of her parents, Lord and Lady Bingley. Mr. Parkinson is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Parkinson, of Creskeld Hall, Arthington. The bridesmaids were Miss Elsie Parkinson and the Hon. Margaret Lane-Fox; the best man was Mr. David Parkinson

Right: the bridegroom was Edward O'Shaughnessy, son of the late Edward O'Shaughnessy and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, of Co. Kerry; the bride was Heather Patricia Hannen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Hannen; the wedding was at St. James', Spanish Place, and the reception was held at the R.I.B.A., as Miss Hannen's father is a member of Holland, Hannen and Cubitt

Mr. E. O. Shaughnessy and Miss Heather Hannen

Viscountess Monck and Miss Portal

Lady Monck is another bride of this year; she married Lord Monck in July, is Viennese, and was Baroness Vreto. She and Miss Portal raced together at Newbury

"Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes

At Ranelagh and Roehampton

Chapter I.

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

IT would be difficult to find a greater contrast than St. Enodoc and Ranelagh or Roehampton, or the summer heat of the one and the autumn chill of the other. Yet, such being the exigencies of the fixture list and the vagaries of the English climate, we plunged cheerfully from one to the other.

There is too much to say about Autumn Foursomes to dwell on the finish of the English championship, but it is impossible to come back from the very happiest, cheeriest, best holiday-spirit championship that ever was, with the most glorious weather, without just remarking on it. High tribute to Miss Wanda Morgan for her win. Certainly she fought her way through a whole jungle of tigers—Miss Garnham, Miss Hamilton, Miss Wade, with Miss Julia Hill as an hors d'œuvres, Mrs. Alan Hartley as semi-final, and then Miss Madeline Fyshe over thirty-six holes. A big week of it, and nobody knew whether they admired her most when producing her best against Miss Wade and Miss Hamilton, or struggling through a bad patch such as she struck in the morning of the thirty-six-hole final. It only shows how much she has in hand from other golfers that the impression should be that Miss Morgan had played indifferently, and yet she lunched square with Miss Fyshe, on whom the general verdict was that she had hardly played a bad shot. In the afternoon, though, Miss Morgan played grand golf, and well deserved adding herself to the roll of the immortals who hold on to a national title for two years in succession. Miss Brenda Norris showed herself another fine product of the Girls' Championship by being a bronze medallist.

AT the moment of writing, with Autumn Foursomes only half through, it looks as if Miss Shelagh Gibbs might get her name on to the Ranelagh cups twice running, only this time with a fresh partner, Lady Katharine Cairns. They are certainly playing very long and brilliant golf, and what is more, Lady Katharine, who is driving the evens, keeps on putting the tee shots near enough for 2's.

Of course, at Ranelagh everybody expects strange adventures, as surely as you are on the look-out for witticism when talking to an Irishman. We certainly had them. A mere driving on to the tennis courts (even from the first tee, as one eminent past winner did) was nothing, nor the losing of four balls in a round (as several couples did).

The really fresh adventure of the year was the rescue of a Muscovy duckling from a marauding cat, duckling having strayed from the maternal care and cat from dear knows where. Anyway, Miss Gibbs and Lady Katharine entrusted the duckling to their caddies, who handed it over to whichever had not to go to the pin, and in due time, at the next pond hole duckling was happily returned to its safer element.

NOW, to start at the beginning. A shock came early, the exit of Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Mrs. A. P. F. Chapman, to Mrs. Woodburn Bamberger and Mrs. Mitteldorf 2 and 1 on level terms. A few couples behind them, out went this year's Open runner-up, Miss Doris Park, with Mrs. O'Neill Butler, to Miss Wade and Miss Mervyn Barton, who seemed to be a highly promising combination, though they did not survive the next morning against Miss Gibbs and Lady Katharine Cairns. These, by the way, had never played together: two more last-minute pairings won that first day—Mrs. Bott and Mrs. Eric Preston starting off with a 3 and winning 5 and 4, and Mrs. Godfrey Locker Lampson and Miss Heath accounting for a couple with a good claim to "oldest inhabitant" rank, Mrs. Clive

The English Ladies' Championship

Miss Wanda Morgan won the championship for the third time in six years by beating Miss M. Fyshe, ex-champion of Warwickshire, by 4 and 2 after a great fight in the 36-hole final. The two runners-up (standing) were Mrs. Alan Hartley, lost 3 and 1 to Miss Morgan, and Miss Brenda Norris, lost 2 and 1 to Miss Fyshe

Mrs. Albert Shackman and Mrs. Ellison (Roehampton) lost 5 and 3 to Mrs. Vivian and Miss V. Bramwell (Stinchcombe Hill). The latter couple were third-round losers

Miss Peggy Edwards (Manchester) and Miss Mary Mulcaster (Crewe) were beaten 3 and 1 in their first-round match

Mrs. H. V. Newton and Miss J. D. Firth (Formby) were knocked out in the second round, 4 and 2, by Mrs. King and Mrs. Manisty

Matthews and Miss Cancellor. Miss Heath's side is still going strong at the moment of writing, with the scalps of that good sister pair, Mrs. Joll and Mrs. Satchel, and some of last year's prize-winners, Mrs. Heppel and Miss Isobel Walker to their second days' credit.

Of desperate fights there were many: for example, Mrs. Rowand-Harker and Miss Edge, after being 3 down, got home at the eighteenth, where Miss Pockett drove right over the green on to the drive beyond; Mrs. Haigh Smith and Mrs. Richardson only lost on the eighteenth after being 3 down to Mrs. Huggins and Mrs. Norman. Of matches beyond the eighteenth there was the win of Miss Eagle and Mrs. Woodhouse from Mrs. Field and Miss Ayling at the nineteenth, also of Mrs. Miller-Stirling and Mrs. A. d'a Willis from Miss Reeves and Mrs. Stone; and of Mrs. Hedges and Mrs. Benson from Miss Holdsworth and Miss Rowland. At the twentieth Roehampton's winners of last year, Mrs. Hyman and Mrs. Salmon beat Mrs. Henley and Miss Paton; and Mrs. Meredith (despite the difference in temperature to Kuala Lumpa, whence she has just returned) and Mrs. Taylor beat Mrs. Wingfield and another Miss Paton. There were big wins, too: Miss Fishwick and Mrs. Philip Hill with their 6 and 5 one seemed a highly dangerous pair, so did Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Rachel Neilson; and Miss Joan Montford, runner-up in the Girls' Championship four years ago, and Miss Barker won by the same comfortable margin. Nor were Miss Vivyan Bramwell and her beautifully putting partner, Mrs. Vivian, to be left out of reckoning, and most emphatically Mrs. Crosthwaite and Miss Nancy Halsted, who beat a much-fancied pair, Miss Kathleen Garnham and Mrs. Gilligan, 2 and 1.

Next morning Miss Cradock-Hartopp's conquerors went out to Mrs. Goodson and Miss Collins, who, in turn, were beaten after lunch by Miss Pywell and Mrs. Deacon; Miss Gibbs' side were too good, first for Miss Wade and Miss Barton and then for the long-hitting Miss Hives and Miss Shand; Mrs. Rowand-Harker and Miss Edge came through twice; so did Mrs. John Beck and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Keith, the latter a very valuable ally who brings good shots as well as strokes into the partnership; in the afternoon they beat Mrs. Burn and Miss Munn, last year's runners-up.

Below: Miss Brenda Norris looks as if she had a big ball to play with. She and her partner, Miss B. Pockett, were first-round losers

The day saw alive at the end of it Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Argles, Mrs. Crombie and Mrs. Alec Johnston; Mrs. King and Mrs. Manisty, who, after a wonderful win from the back-markers, Mrs. Newton and Miss Firth, with the aid of five strokes, beat Miss Bramwell's side at the nineteenth. Miss Wilson and Miss Neilson played really well that second afternoon, and had need to, for young Miss Joan Negretti and Miss Mary Cowan tackled them most bravely and only lost 3 and 2. Then the other survivors were Miss Macfarlane and Mrs. London; Mrs. Meredith and Miss Taylor; Miss Heath and Mrs. Locker Lampson; Miss Black and Miss Clifford; Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. Clemens. These had a most adventurous day. After being 3 down at the end of their first four holes they took the rest in under bogey until they had won; in the afternoon they had the fourteenth in 2 to be 3 up; lost the fifteenth to a 2, the sixteenth to a 2 (taking each in 3 themselves), and won the seventeenth in 3—a better ball score of 7 under 4s for four holes.

Mrs. Cavendish Fuller and Mrs. de Paula beat two really sound couples in Miss Dix Perkin and Mrs. Provan, and Mrs. Hugh Smith and Mrs. Vernor Miles; Mrs. Crosthwaite and Miss Halsted added Mrs. Ernest Hill and Mrs. Mallam to their morning bag of Miss Fishwick and Mrs. Philip Hill, and Mrs. Eddis and Miss Jones completed the sixteen by winning with a 3 at the nineteenth from Mrs. Garnham and Miss Cynthia Howard.

At Roehampton by the same time, matters had progressed one round further and the last eight were that very sound pair from Mid-Surrey, Mrs. Black and her daughter Valerie; Mrs. Idina Mills and the Countess of Brecknock; Miss Radcliffe Platt and Miss Radcliffe; Mrs. T. N. Richardson and Miss N. Watson, who have all the pull that local knowledge can give; Mrs. Hugh Read and Mrs. Neilson from Worplesdon and West Hill; Mrs. Barnes and Miss Bower, a promising sister of the Rugger international; Mrs. Sturgess Wells and her sister, Miss A. C. Robinson, who is playing splendidly, and Mrs. Ingram and Miss Murton Neal.

One of the most promising pairs there was also the youngest, Miss Anne Garnett Heywood, aged sixteen, and one of the longest hitters, and Miss Joan Barlow, three years her senior, who hits the ball equally far. Both these have learnt their golf at Prince's, Sandwich, and learnt it mighty well. What is more, they can fight. Three down and four to go to Mrs. Mills and Lady Brecknock, they squared the match, and only lost to a long putt on the eighteenth. There's pluck for you.

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

Mrs. J. A. Thomas (N. Cornwall) and Miss Barbara Pyman (R. Porthcawl) lost 6 and 5 to Miss Enid Wilson (Sandy Lodge) and Miss Rachel Neilson (Alnmouth). The latter couple were beaten in the fifth round

Above: Mrs. B. H. Hale and Miss S. Dudgeon (Beaconsfield) were beaten 3 and 1 by the winners of the tournament, Mrs. W. H. A. Webster (Ashridge) and Mrs. Argles (Berks)

Below: Miss G. Cradock-Hartopp (Cavendish) and Mrs. A. P. F. Chapman (Worplesdon) lost their first match by 2 and 1 to Mrs. Bamberger and Mrs. Mitteldorff

Below: Miss Phyllis Wade (Ferndown) and Miss Mervyn Barton (R. Mid-Surrey) met Miss Gibbs and Lady Katharine Cairns in the second round, and lost by 6 and 5

Below: Mrs. Sieveking (East Berks) and Miss D. Handley (Calcot) beat Mrs. E. Hill and Mrs. Mead (Bournemouth) by 4 and 3. But they lost their next match by 6 and 4

This was taken towards the end of the game at Richmond when London Scottish were only one point behind Harlequins' goal and try. The latter team were hard pressed through most of the second half, but they woke up shortly after this picture was taken to score another goal and increase their lead to 13—7

Howard Marshall on Sport

CONTROVERSY seems to be the staple ingredient of our major sports to-day. No sooner does the ruling body of one game make a startling pronouncement about some small matter, like foul play, than the authorities of another come bouncing into the headlines with more sensations.

In the Soccer world now, Mr. William Pickford, President of the F.A., has said that he would like to see the sliding tackle abolished. This remark, made at one of those dinners where so many combustible remarks are made, has set the boys talking. Some agree with Mr. Pickford. Others do not. And Mr. Clem Stephenson, manager of Huddersfield United, chipped in, when asked his opinion, with these admirable words, "There is far too much interference with the game. Everything players do is wrong. All these critics seem to think about is making the game easier."

Mr. Stephenson, I submit, spontaneously uttered a profound truth, probably in a moment of supreme irritation. We interfere with all our games too much. We pull them out of shape. We fuss over them like a mother getting her small son off to school.

I OFTEN wonder, without wishing to belittle the work of the Football Association, let us say, or the Rugby Union, whether our games would not run much more smoothly if they were controlled by players, rather than by elderly though excellently intentioned officials. A small point, perhaps, but the modern tendency to clear away all difficulties reduces games to a dead level of mediocrity. The individualist is discouraged. And then we complain that personalities are disappearing from modern sport.

CONTROVERSY has been started in America also by the proposal to stage an open lawn tennis tournament in West Virginia, with £400 cash prizes for professionals, and suitable trophies for amateurs.

I fancy the proposal is a flop from the word "go." Professional players have no wish to risk their box-office value by meeting amateurs. They might get beaten.

The amateurs' point of view is obvious, for dire penalties hang over their heads, and I cannot believe that any ranking players will join in this rebellion. The

(*Concluded on page* vi)

Mr. C. Lucas, the English captain, and Major H. R. Northover, a team member since 1929, were photographed at the Clay Pigeon Shooting Association's meeting at the White City; both hold the rare and coveted badge for taking a hundred birds with a hundred shots

Earl Howe and Rudolf Caracciola

Left: anyone who thought Lord Howe's crash last spring would alter his track tactics got their final denial at the International Grand Prix at Donington, when he chased the victorious Germans with great pertinacity. Here he is with Rudi Caracciola, who came third in a Mercedes-Benz

Right: Lady Daphne and Mr. Whitney Straight were with B. Rosemeyer, who won the Grand Prix in an Auto-Union at 82·86 m.p.h.

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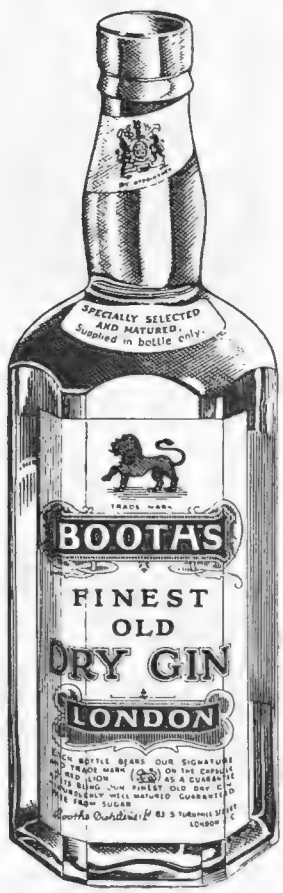

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C.F.H.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Royal Medal at St. Andrews

THE Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews followed the example of the English Golf Union, in its county championship at Saunton, by playing the King William the Fourth Medal, the Gold Medal of the Club and the Silver Boomerang, all of which are played for at the same time over eighteen holes, in threes instead of in pairs.

As the entries numbered two less than two hundred, it was obvious that unless play started at cock-crow the day's programme could not be completed if the competitors played in the usual manner, in pairs.

THE new captain of the Club, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, opened the day's proceedings by playing himself into office with an admirably straight but rather short tee shot.

At ten o'clock, when the Duke of Kent drove off for the second time in his attempt to win a second medal in one day, it was obvious from the unfavourable weather conditions that unless one of the early starters, who were able to reach the turn in comparative calm, returned a good score, only a real golfer would have any chance of success, and that a fluke result was out of the question.

Before long there was a strong wind against the players at the first hole, which made the carrying of the burn with the second shot only possible to the long, and which also made all the other holes, except the eighteenth, very difficult, as the players had to compete with a strong and awkward cross wind.

THE Old Course at St. Andrews in calm weather is about the only golf-course which cannot be made a fool of by the modern first-class golfer, playing the modern ball, and when the weather conditions are not perfect it makes fools of very many players who consider themselves very good golfers. In 1933 Densmore Shute won the Open Championship on the Old Course at St. Andrews in spite of the fact that on no occasion during it did he complete the course in a score equal to an average of four strokes per hole, or better. This year the course was too severe a test for such well-known golfers as L. G. Crawley, T. A. Bourn, Eric Martin Smith, Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, and even D. H. Kyle, who has played on it since he was a little boy; all these players either failed to return cards or to go round in less than ninety.

The greens were distinctly good and quite fast for these days of continual over-watering. The greens on the Old Course have less grip for the ball on them than any other course I have ever seen, consequently the putter without touch has little chance of obtaining even reasonably satisfactory results on them and the good putters have to make a considerable allowance for wind, even when attempting to hole short putts. There are very few courses which possess greens on which wind affects short putts.

IN the end, the man who was capable of producing better golf than anyone else in the field, namely, Roger H. Wethered, won with a score of 73, an extremely good score considering that he had to face the worst of the weather conditions.

Wethered was completely out of practice; for some weeks before this competition he had played only an occasional round at a week-end, and he had been playing very badly in the one or two practice rounds he had had at St. Andrews. He had been playing so badly that on the day of the Medal, before starting, he apologised to the two competitors with whom he was to play, and said that he hoped that his atrocious play would not put them off their own game. I asked Wethered why he was not playing in the Worplesdon Foursomes, and he told me that his driving was so wild that he knew of no women capable of playing the second shots from his tee shots on a course like Worplesdon.

Golf is truly a very funny game, for the next day he drove as straight as a gun barrel, with only one exception—his tee shot to the fourth hole.

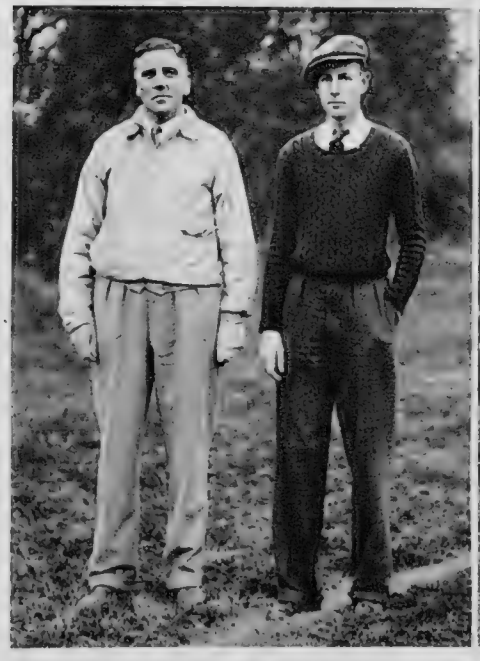
Medal Day at St. Andrews

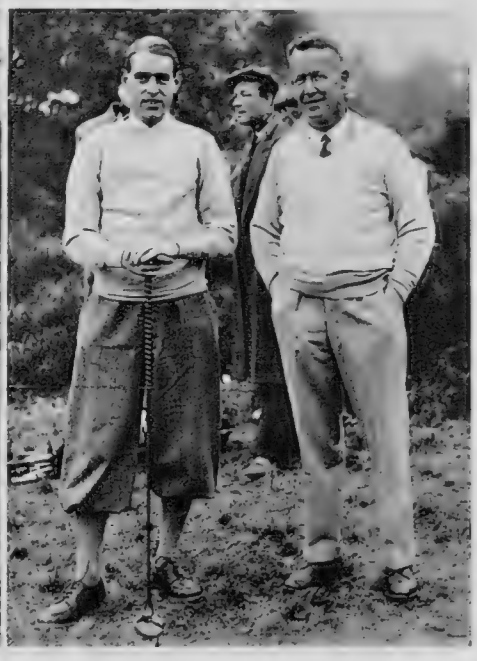
In the centre is R. H. Wethered, who won the King William Medal with a round of 73 after the Duke of Kent had played himself into office as captain of the R. and A. He is flanked by R. H. Oppenheimer and V. A. Pollock

WETHERED putted with an old wooden putter with which he had had hardly any practice. A new driver very nearly won him the Open Championship of 1921, also at St. Andrews, and would have done so if his feet had been smaller.

It is extraordinary how often a new club works wonders for a short time. Percy Alliss last month won the *News of the World* tournament using a putter which he had never seen before his arrival on the course, where he saw the secretary of the club putting with it; Alliss tried it, borrowed it, won with it, and finally was presented with it after his victory, for which it was largely responsible. Wethered's putter was also largely responsible for his victory: after it had hit the ball three times on the first green, it could do no wrong, and when it was warmed up, finished in a blaze of glory by holing putts longer than missable on each of the last four greens.

Everyone likes to see the best player win, and I am sure that there must be legions who were delighted at Wethered's victory and return to good play. He last won the King William the Fourth Medal as long ago as 1923. If a man has good golf in him, it must come out sometimes, although it is quite possible for him to have long spells when he can do little or nothing right.





The London Amateur Foursomes at Walton Heath

H. Braid and R. C. Nunneley represented the home club at Walton Heath, where the London Foursomes were begun on a bleak day. They were beaten in the third round by West Kent (O. Austreng and F. McGloin)

Frank Pennink, the English champion, played with E. B. Tipping for Royal Ashdown Forest. They beat Richmond in the second round, and went on to the fourth round, when they lost to Woking by a hole

A Misprint.

GOLF CLUBS AT HOME

Old Ford Manor on page 84, should read Old Fold Manor.

1.27a.

Scent ? Yes !
Gloves ? Yes !
Hankies ? Yes !
Stockings ? Yes !
thank goodness
that's the lot ! . . .

exhaustedly
you sink
into a chair
whilst
the kind commissionaire
calls
your car . . .

how you revel
in
that cigarette
which
so perfectly completes
your feeling of
relief
and
relaxation.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 41. Sir Malcolm Campbell

Sir Malcolm Campbell, holder of the world's land and water records, is a dolichocephalic Scot. A cool, clear, commercial common sense underlies his exterior, though few people would credit it if they had seen him, as I did, excited as a schoolboy after his speed-boat had made her preliminary test on Lake Maggiore last August. "Isn't she wonderful?" he asked perfect strangers, and flushed with pride when they agreed. And yet he is, I repeat, a long-headed Scot in both senses of the word. We once discussed luck and fatalism. Sir Malcolm said that he was a fatalist, but only after he had taken every possible precaution to avoid fate.

Born fifty-three years ago in Chislehurst, he was ultimately left two hundred and thirty thousand pounds by his father, a big diamond broker. After going to Uppingham he was sent for eighteen months to Germany and a year to France to complete his education. In the meantime he had already incurred his first fine for speeding. This was thirty shillings for bicycling downhill near Bromley at fifteen miles an hour with his hands in his pockets. (The next case in court that day was that of a man fined five bob for beating his wife into insensibility.) At the age of nineteen he joined Lloyd's and worked in the room until 1914, when he immediately joined the Army. He had already started motor-cycle racing in 1906, flying in 1909, motoring in 1910, so he soon transferred to the R.F.C. His speed exploits since the war being so well known, I will concentrate on the less familiar aspects of this man who has two phobias, aerial attacks and terrestrial burglars. For the former contingency he has built an extraordinarily elaborate bomb-proof shelter at his place in Surrey—air-conditioned, electrically heated, big enough for his family, the staff, and his house guests. For the latter he has a number of Alsatians and Airedales tethered on running chains attached to long wires, and God help the fellow who tries to make a forcible entry.

As a speed record-breaker he is known never to have had an attack of "floating foot." Indeed, his mechanic, Villa (brother of one of the wine waiters at the Savoy), had secretly to insert a chunk of wood in the throttle to prevent him going "all out" the first time he had Bluebird on Lake Maggiore. Malcolm Campbell is a first-class shot. He used to shoot rats from a specially constructed tower at Povey Cross. At Headley he has the claymore wielded by his ancestor at Culloden. He has an exceedingly attractive voice and smile, so well known to cinema-goers who have seen and heard him on the British Movietone News, of which he is the nominal editor. He has a son, Donald, and a wife, the former Miss Dorothy Whittall. His favourite eating-place is the Ritz grill, where he lunches off a chop. He drinks little, and smokes less. He has the curious iris peculiar to the eagle and other birds that depend on long sight for their livelihood, but needs spectacles to read his own dashboard. He drives a car beautifully in traffic—which is more than you can say for most speed aces—and being a grown-up schoolboy really, still regards his search for the twelve-million pound treasure of Lima, reputed to be cached in the Cocos Islands, as having been the biggest adventure of his life.—**Charles Graves**

This England . . .

Willy Lott's cottage in the Constable country (seen in the "Hay Wain," etc.)

"SOON ripe, soon rotten" is a scrap of country wisdom that does indeed apply to more than fruit. One sees the truth of it in many a man. John Constable, who immortalized a part of our English countryside, did his best work at near his fiftieth year—yet he was at his painting since a child. This slow maturing, like those Suffolk landscapes, is typically English—and you are thereby drawn to it. If, for example, you did not already know, you might guess that it is the patient, unhurried working to maturity that makes Worthington a rich delight—to you as to the men of Constable's day.

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Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" 'Ere, ne penchez pas dehors "

GUESTS of honour at next month's big Kipling Memorial Fund Dinner will be, very properly, " Stalky " (Major-Gen. Dunsterville) and "M'Turk" (Mr. G. C. Beresford, who recently corrected some of Kipling's curious misconceptions in late life as to his dashing nature when at school). There will also be Kipling songs and recitations, giving all present value for money, which is not the general rule at literary dinners, and these entertainments will presumably keep down the speeches as well. How good an idea this is we may instantly demonstrate by a few simple unchallengeable statistics, craving your kind attention :

During the average London dining season, which will be in full blast next month, the average number of public dinners taking place every week-night is, at a lowish estimate, fifty (50). The average number of after-dinner speakers per dinner is five (5), making an average of 250 speakers per night in London alone, throughout the winter season. There are exactly six (6) men in London capable of making a brief, brilliant, witty, pointed, amusing after-dinner speech, as is well known, and they comparatively rarely appear. Of the remaining 244, 98·5 per cent. are admittedly cholera, beri-beri, paralysis, heart-disease, gripes, leprosy, mental torture, and total exhaustion, and the other 1·5 per cent. don't matter much either way, except that you 're glad when they shut up. So that to cut down the speeches at practically any public dinner and fill in some time with songs and recitations is a humane idea, which should be generally followed. We don't expect any thanks for enthusiastically boosting this reform. We 've endured too many dinners in our time, and seen the poor stupefied faces of the British all round us, huddling heads down before the storm like cattle, resigned and dumb. The Americans put up with even more of it, but their national habit of doping themselves with strong cocktails for a solid couple of hours before dinner stands them in good stead. Gourmets regard this doping as a barbarous custom, but what about the after-dinner oratory?

Hail and Farewell

THE recent death of the *Morning Post* was deplorable for more reasons than one. If the voice of the *Post* often resembled that of a well-connected but narrow-minded British maiden aunt, the paper at least preserved a constant decency, an air of urbanity, the courteous assumption that it was addressing the grown-up, the polite, and the educated. London papers which still preserve these qualities may now be counted on one hand, and we think this a pretty odd state of affairs in an allegedly civilised country. It seems incredible, when you look to-day at so much of Fleet Street struggling to reproduce the wildest and most illiterate features of New York tabloid journalism, that only about forty years ago the *Morning Post* standard was practically general, and the grown-up reader had the choice of a dozen morning and evening papers which never made his ears go hot.

" We seem to have lost the cup part, Mrs. Davison "

Most incredible of all, old boulevardiers aver, was the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the editorship of Harry Cust, the brilliant, the elegant, the gay, the only man-about-town, except Gerald Barry, who has ever been a Fleet Street editor. Cust's fancy headlines to his own leading articles were the delight of the town. " Périer Joué," was a famous one, heading a piece on the fall of the Casimir Périer cabinet. " The Coisoned Pup " was the sort of thing Cust would do when he couldn't be bothered to think of anything else to catch the eye. He regularly printed essays by people like Alice Meynell. He also decreed that there must be a good poem of some kind in the *Pall Mall* every night, generally satiric, like E. V. Lucas's celebrated lines on Kipling's ignorance of the fact that he was a relation of the wife of Dr. Parker, a star preacher of the period. No such paper as the Custian *Pall Mall* could live a week nowadays. Our contention is briefly that whoever is responsible for such conditions wants a kick in the pants.

Healthful Spring Dept.

PEAK-POINT of B.B.C. genteelity seemed to have been reached the other night, when an S.O.S. appeal for human milk in an emergency for a newborn child took the form of appealing, not for a wet-nurse, but for " a source of supply of human milk." Aghast at such niffnaffery, somebody wrote to the *Times* next day asking whether " refanement " could move further along the path to the lunatic asylum without actually forcing an entrance. The B.B.C. cracked back explaining that their appeal was couched in those words to include human milk kept in bottles by the hospitals, as well as that, so to speak,

on tap. But it didn't seem very convincing to us.

The B.B.C. boys would have made a much better defence by falling back on an exquisitely delicate poem on this very topic by a minor eighteenth-century poet of whom we are very fond—Mr. Edward Jerningham, a gentleman in every sense of the word. Coyly veiling his title (" Milk ") in the decent obscurity of a foreign language (" Il Latte "), Mr. Jerningham raps smart Society mothers for abandoning their new-born offspring to wet-nurses :

Unsway'd by Fashion's dull unseemly jest,
Still to your bosom let the Infant cling,
There banquet oft, an ever-welcome guest,
Unblam'd inebriate at that healthful spring.

From this poem a very good, genteel B.B.C. formula could be devised, which would not bring the faintest blush to an announcer's cheek. (E.g., " *We are asked to broadcast an S.O.S. on behalf of an unblamed inebriate of tender years in need of a supply of snowy nectar, poured from that shrine where Nature with presaging aim, what time her friendly aid Lucina brings,*" etc., etc.) For heaven's sake let 's be gentlemen.

Southern Wailway

SQUAWK of the Week is at this moment being emitted by the inhabitants of Rottingdean, Sussex, till recently the quiet, pleasant, little white sea-village where Burne-Jones and Kipling lived, but to day practically a suburb of Brighton, itself a suburb of London. The rural kernel of Rottingdean is still undefiled, but all round it Progress is surely and swiftly creeping. It will be submerged before long, of course. The inhabitants are " boiling over," the Vicar said the other day, because Brighton, which swore protection when Rottingdean was incorporated into its borough, is doing nothing about it whatsoever. Which is rather like the kid's complaining that the tiger isn't singing it to sleep at nights, as promised.

Having got out of a lovely Downland village some years ago just before the speculative builder arrived, we can only feel that anybody still hanging on in Sussex and wailing about its steady ruin must be plumb nuts. The whole Sussex coastline, from Selsey Bill to Rye, is practically one long eyesore, and nothing can be done to stop the same happening inland. True, large areas of the actual South Downs are protected—only just in time, too, by Gad !—but the villages are pretty well doomed. If we owned a house in Rottingdean to-day we should start steadily drinking till we were quite sodden, bemused, stupefied, and careless of what happened, and then we 'd get somebody to blow us and our house up together with gelignite. Or else we 'd call it a day, pack up, and run for London, giving the merry builders as we passed them the Black Curse of Diarnaid MacDonnchada Murchada, King of Leinster, which is a dreadful affair, causing builders to turn black and wither up very amusingly. Perhaps the Vicar would care to put these two practial suggestions to the next village indignation - meeting, with our sincerest sympathy ?

Joy in the Air

THOUSANDS of Gilbert and Sullivan addicts went into a paranoiac frenzy the other day when it was announced that these tuneful works are to be filmed at long last at Pinewood by a British corporation, starting with *The Yeoman of the Guard*. The screen adaptation is by Geoffrey Toye, who will produce. His director didn't seem to be mentioned. We 'd personally like René Clair to be doing it, or one of those Russian symbolists, or the merry, elvish Hitchcock, who could perhaps inject more zing and brio into the script than anybody—not tampering with the sacred story, of course, but just adding a few deft marginal slice-of-life comments showing the effect of *The Yeoman of the Guard* on cleverly differentiated British types, rich, poor, gay, worried, angry, dumb, or completely nuts.

For example, during the fifth ritual encore of that aria of Fairfax's (" Is Life a Boon ? "), we might cut away, the song still proceeding, to a series of quick flashes, thus :

1. A couple of addicts (female, stalls, G.24-25) beating wildly on emaciated bosoms and displaying traumatic neuroses ;
2. A young mother in Battersea weeping over her child, who looks like Gilbert and Sullivan ;
3. A haggard chap, stalls H.17, cutting his wrist with a safety-razor blade and quietly bleeding to death, just to Get Away From It All ;
4. President Franklin D. Roosevelt on holiday, holding up a big fish which looks like Gilbert and Sullivan, and laughing fit to kill ;
5. A tall refined woman in Mayfair writing an insulting postcard to a Yeoman of the Guard, signed " Toto " ;
6. The Taj Mahal by moonlight (no connection with the story, but just nice to look at for a change)—

and so forth, ending with a stout male addict dying of joy in a stage-box, yet afraid to guggle for fear of being torn to pieces by the maddened congregation. After which we return to Fairfax, or at least you do.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Well, the telegram didn't say quinsy "

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of a Week of Weddings

Lowther — Inder

Peter Lowther, Sir Henry and Lady Crofton Lowther's son, married Jean Inder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Inder, of New Zealand, at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The bridegroom's parents live at Hayle Cottage, Maidstone, Kent

Brochwel Mytton, only son of Colonel G. H. Mytton, of Garth, Welshpool, Montgom., and Mrs. Mytton, of The Quinta, Weston Rhyn, Oswestry, married Pamela Howes at St. George's, Hanover Square. She is the elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Sidney Howes, of Woodhill, Oswestry

Mytton — Howes

Owen — Tyrrell-Martin

Berkeley Stuart Owen, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Owen, of Tunbridge Wells, and Diana Tyrrell-Martin, daughter of the late Horace Martin and Mrs. E. M. Liddell, of Broad Oak Manor, near Bexhill-on-Sea, were married at St. Mark's, Little Common, Sussex

Graham-Campbell — Bushnell

Ronald Graham-Campbell, second son of Sir Rollo and Lady Graham-Campbell, of 11, Cleveland Gardens, W., and Greta Bushnell, elder daughter of the Rev. G. D. S. and Mrs. Bushnell, of Hinton Charterhouse, Somerset, were married at Hinton Charterhouse

Masterman — Bouwens

Osmond Janson Masterman and Anne Bouwens were married at Littleton Parish Church, Hants. He is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Masterman, of Clumber House, Ascot; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Bouwens, of Old Manor House, Littleton

Fennell — Chaplin

Captain Geoffrey William Pagden Fennell, R.A., who had broken his arm in a car crash, married Violet Chaplin at the Royal Chapel of St. Katherine's, Plymouth. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chaplin, of 10, The Crescent, Plymouth

Wrigley — Cholmeley

Geoffrey Cecil Wrigley and Rosemary Valentine Cholmeley were married at St. John's, Regent's Park. He is the son of the late J. Cecil Wrigley and Mrs. Wrigley, of Warlaby Lodge, Northallerton; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hargreaves Cholmeley, of 48, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8

Festing — Riddell

Captain Francis Wogan Festing, the Rifle Brigade, son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Francis Festing, of Hyde House, Chalford, Glos., and Mary Cecilia Riddell, elder daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Riddell, of Swinburne, Northumberland, were married at St. Mary's, Swinburne Castle

Gunn — Macpherson

Iain Gunn, of the Nigerian Administration Service, son of Colonel and Mrs. Gilbert Gunn, of Craoich, Sutherland, and Patricia Macpherson, daughter of Mrs. Archibald Macpherson, of 8, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7, were married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road

Sorel-Cameron — Lee

Captain John Sorel-Cameron, the Cameron Highlanders, elder son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. G. Sorel-Cameron, of Gorthleck House, Inverness-shire, and Catherine Nancy Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lee, of Well Head, Halifax, were married at Inverness Cathedral

Shaw — Edwards

Captain Robert G. Shaw, Royal Tank Corps, and Irene la Mothe Edwards, daughter of the late George Edwards, of Buenos Aires, and Mrs. Edwards, of The Glen, Sunninghill, Berks., were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. His mother, Mrs. L. Shaw, lives at Hayes Mount, Rainhill, Lancs.

Irvine — Morris

Arthur James Irvine, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Irvine, of 3, Royal Circus, Edinburgh, married Eleanor Morris at St. Peter's, Petersfield. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Morris, of Sandylea, Petersfield

Maclean — Cock

At Chelsea Old Church, Ian Maclean, eldest son of the late Sir Donald Maclean and Lady Maclean, of 11, Brunswick Gardens, Kensington, married Mary Cock, eldest daughter of the late Harold Cock and Mrs. Cock, of Cruckton Hall, Shrewsbury

Hall — Power

John Lennox Hall, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hall, of Bournemouth, and Leonie Power, only daughter of the late Ambrose Power, of Lismore, Ireland, and Mrs. Power, of 79a, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Stott — Adams

Dr. Norman K. Stott, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stott, of Ashcroft Shaw, Oxford, and Lesley Adams, daughter of P. H. Adams, of Tanglewood Hill, Boars Hill, Oxford, were married at St. Michael's, Oxford, with a reception at Exeter College

Shaw — Easton

Godfrey Shaw and Joan Mary Easton were married at St. Edward's, Sutton Park, Guildford. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Norman Shaw, of St. James, Woking, Surrey, and hers are Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. P. G. Easton, of Throwleigh, Woking

Senior — Beckett

Henry Douglas Senior, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Albert Senior, of Sheffield, and Pamela Mary Beckett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Beckett, of 1, Alexandra Road, N.W.8, and Ramsdell, Hants., were married at St. Clement Danes, Strand

Sykes — Bailey

Richard Lawrence Sykes, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald James Sykes, of Highfield, Hempstead Road, Watford, and Nancy Bailey, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bailey, of Lane House, Hale, Cheshire, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"I Have Been Here Before" (Royalty)

A good many critics have wasted a great deal of ink on demolishing the premisses from which Mr. Priestley starts his latest play. But every play must start from some premiss which, as part of the contract, it is the playgoers' obligation to accept. The great Mystery Cycles of the Middle Ages start from the premiss that there is a God in Heaven. No atheistic critic has been stupid enough to condemn them on that account. *Hamlet* starts from the premiss that there are ghosts. To declare that *Hamlet* is nonsense because there are no ghosts would be to declare yourself a fool.

And so, if you object to *I Have Been Here Before* on the ground that our lives don't repeat themselves and that the theory of reincarnation is untenable, then you are really refusing to play the game at all. If you won't play, how can you tell whether the sport is good?

The proper thing to do, whether you be critic or layman, is to accept the rules of the game proposed and judge by results. So, in *Time and the Conways*, Mr. Priestley's time-premiss (however true or untrue) proves dramatically unsatisfactory, because it takes all the stuffing out of the last Act. But in *I Have Been Here Before* the time-premiss justifies itself, because, in this case, it produces an atmosphere of boding excitement, thanks to the gleam of freewill which is permitted with an effort to pierce the clouds of predestination.

The situation is the old situation of the wife, the husband and the lover, and what are they going to do about it. Before the curtain has been up twenty minutes the captious playgoer may whisper that *I Have Been Here Before* should be renamed *I Have Seen This Before*. Only, as it turns out, he hasn't. Mr. Priestley's dramatisation of the sudden, strange, familiar feeling that what we are doing is a repetition of something we did in the past; the merciless beat of recurrence that pervades the play as ominously as a heavy tread on the stairs; the dawning realisation that it may be possible to get out of the old rut and avoid the old and fast-approaching catastrophe by an act of supreme exertion—all this is new and exciting and immensely welcome.

It might be more exciting still if the characters dived into the truth of the situation for themselves instead of having it handed to them, as it were, on a plate, by the explanatory professor of psychology, so carefully and reasonably acted by Mr. Lewis Casson.

From the acting point of view, this is unquestionably Mr. Wilfrid Lawson's show. The turmoil, the ferment, the violence, the latent tenderness, the bemused awakening, above all, the struggle in this performance, which is a kind of hairbreadth psychological escape, roused my admiration as it has been roused by no other actor this year. Here is a player with *le diable au cœur*. If his performance is not more perfect than that of Miss Eileen Beldon as the firm, gentle proprietress of the inn, it is, inevitably, greater.

The wife and lover of Miss Patricia Hilliard and Mr. William Fox are in quite another and inferior class. Here is only the acting that is begotten of acting—serviceable, but, oh, how unoriginal! If, however, we are more than usually conscious of this, that is probably Mr. Lawson's fault. Great acting is, after all, great by comparison. And the greater it is, the harder the comparison on the merely adequate.

Rejected and dejected husband: Wilfrid Lawson

Sketches by Rouson

Professors — English; German: William Fox and Lewis Casson

Faithless wife: Patricia Hilliard

INSPECT

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Fabric Testing, by a machine which gives Ford upholstery-fabrics the equivalent of a year's wear in an hour;
The **Grading Room** exhibit, a replica of a complete inspection room in use at Dagenham;
The **Crankshaft Balancing Machine,** a highly technical apparatus by which Ford crankshafts are tested to extremely fine limits;
Core Making, showing how foundry-cores are made by one of the many labour-saving machines employed at Dagenham;
Gear-Listening Machine, brought from the Ford Works to demonstrate the care taken to ensure gear-silence.
The **Disappearing Engine,** a cameo of the Disappearing Car exhibit which fascinated so many visitors to the 1936 Show;
The **History of Linear Measurement,** an outstanding exhibit tracing the birth and evolution of measurement of length;
Ford Films, new and still better pictures, featuring many well-known personalities; Two Cinemas; Continuous Performances;
The **New Motorist's Section,** featuring things the new car-owner should know.

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Films of the Day

Hot Air, But Jolly Sportin': By George Campbell

"ANOTHER DAWN" was made in Hollywood, but most of the players are British, and on the whole it 's a frightfully sportin' picture and should do the ranks a lot of good. Morale, esprit de corps, and all that sort of thing. Even a subaltern could learn a bit from watching the O.C. at Dicut (a fine figure of a man, simply worshipped in the ranks) and the captain (dashin' sort of feller, with an eye for a horse and a woman), and how they bring civilisation to the desert.

They teach the black beggars cricket. Jolly good show, too. A slow long-hop from the colonel, a cross-bat swipe by a native, a snappy return by the colonel, which the captain, keeping wicket, is just able to reach by jumping, and the batsman is given out without the formality of breaking the wicket. Let 's hope that teaches him a lesson. You can't fool a Sahib. Play the game with a straight bat !

There 's a bit of golf, too. The colonel, home on leave, is stayin' with a lord, a sportin' sort of cove, who offers polo, golf, ridin' and tennis to fill in before tiffin. The colonel votes for golf, played alone. (You know these Empire-builders —stout fellers but solitary even in their sports.) Two or three misses on the first tee, which the colonel accepts cheerfully as all in the game, for though, of course, golf 's not such a sportin' game as cricket, it does teach a feller self-control, and that 's important to a colonel anywhere, and especially in the East—the colonel is missing the ball a good deal, I say, when what happens but a badly-sliced ball smacks up against the seat of his trousers.

"WHAT the devil do you think you 're——?" But the colonel says no more, for the offender is none other than a charming brunette he befriended on the boat when she was being insulted by a foreigner, the swine, with offers of cognac in large glasses. Stunnin' creature. The brunette, I mean, not the foreigner, the swine !

Anyway, the colonel thinks it would be jolly sportin' of her if she 'd marry him, explaining (like the Sahib he is) that he will ask for nothing more than her respect. Naturally, this sweeps her off her feet, and before long there they are back at Dicut, with the captain (before he finds out she 's the colonel's lady) accosting her on the station a trifle amorously—but, of course, with a public school accent, not like the Dago, the swine.

And now, of course, the thing works up to a triangle drama, for the colonel's wife falls in love with the captain because he reminds her of an airman who was such a stout feller that he flew right on into a sunrise one morning and forgot to come back, and the captain loves her because she reminds him of dreams and of angels, and stunnin' brunettes are scarce in the desert, anyway.

One night they kiss each other in a sheikh's garden, by moonlight, but, both being the soul of honour, agree not to mention it again, not even to anybody else ; and another night they are cut off by a sand-storm and have to spend a night alone in a bungalow, but never forget the colonel. (Or do they ? I wasn't altogether clear on this point.) Anyway, the colonel, who is a thinkin', understandin' sort of chap, sees they are in love, and when a treacherous dog of a sheikh dams a river he grabs the captain's 'plane and bombs the dam and gets himself killed in the process. Fade-out with captain and colonel's wife, or rather, widow, agreein' it was a good show and damn' sportin' of the colonel.

Ian Hunter is the colonel, Erroll Flynn the handsome captain, Kay Francis the brunette, and Ben Welden the flirtatious Dago, the swine. I should like to be able to say something about the author of the story and the dialogue, but the programme keeps their secret. The newspapers record that at Indianapolis a Mr. and Mrs. Gordon have been convicted, after the toy balloon test, of being drunk while in charge of a car. A doctor made them breathe into a balloon filled with gas, whereupon their warm breath turned blue. If the hot air in *Another Dawn* were breathed into a balloon it would turn red, white and blue.

Jessie Matthews in "Gangway"

Jessie Matthews' new musical-comedy vehicle went to the Gaumont last week. It doesn't make film history, but carries on a well-known tradition of disguises, mistaken identity, thrills, songs and dances, and romance. Here is Miss Matthews with the villain, Nat Pendleton. When the hero 's on the scene he has the face of Barry Mackay

"THE FIREFLY" is also a patriotic picture, though this time the locale is Spain. The heroine is a little Spanish dancer who gives Wellington a great big hand, and the hero a French Secret Service agent entrusted with the job of unmasking her by making love. You would never guess what happens, so I won't spoil the surprise. I will merely remark that the Spanish dancer, being Miss Jeanette Macdonald, is fairer than most Spaniards and sings oftener and shows prettier tonsils. Allan Jones plays the Frenchman with such an effective disguise that he had me fooled for five long reels. I thought he was an American.

IF you don't see *Artists and Models* you 're missing a lot of fun. Jack Benny is drily witty, there is some crazy comedy that is really comic, Gail Patrick, Ida Lupino, and Richard Arlen supply a little romance, and Martha Raye howls like a hyæna with the blues.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Judging by the recent collections, touches of gay colour and exciting accessories will help to dispel the gloom which settles on us all towards November. This autumn, Celanese have distinguished themselves once more by bringing out an entirely new series of Zigeuner Crêpes, christened with real gipsy names and dyed in the true gipsy colours. They have at the same time, revived the use of Ottoman and called it "Bavalo," which, in Romany, means rich. This heavy fabric is seen to great advantage in the cocktail-suit above, with a severely tailored jacket piped in velvet, and a straight skirt outlined with velvet seams. "Rinkaro," meaning beautiful, is another lovely material particularly suited to evening clothes. It is semi-sheer, and drapes into soft, graceful folds. Like all Celanese fabrics, the new Zigeuner Crêpes are sold practically everywhere, but in case of difficulty enquiries may be directed to Celanese House, Hanover Square

You can always walk with ease in Dolcis shoes. The pair on the far side for thirty-five shillings, have been named "Kit-Kat," and are ventilated with deep slashes. They have low heels, lace up the front and hold the foot in a firm support, while the model next to them fastens with a buckle and patent leather strap. It is relieved with imitation lacing and a patent flap across the top

The Lower Reaches

It is bad enough to feel down at heel, but infinitely worse to look it, particularly in a literal sense, as nothing is more important than a well-shod foot. Dolcis, of Oxford Street and Brompton Road, cater for every type of foot, including the small and slender which requires to be fitted like a glove. Three of their newest models from the American floor are seen on the right. Starting from the top is a "bootie," available in calf or suède, with a moderate Louis heel and an extra tall back to balance the high riding front. It is made in three shades of suède, and the new Acajou calf. Below is a becoming Court shoe in suède and calf, with a punched saddle and tall apron, for thirty-five shillings, which is also the cost of the third model in suède. This is a smart shoe for formal occasions with a three-inch covered heel. It is quite plain except for a Jester tab in front. trimmed with patent strips stitched in a contrasting shade

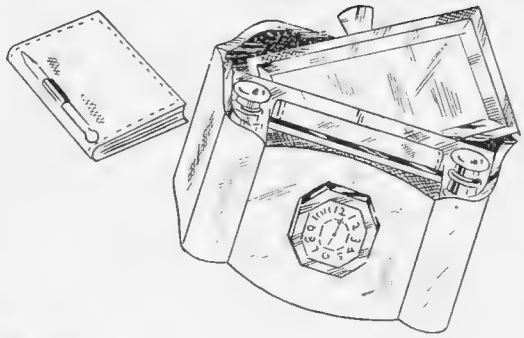
The difficulties of matching accessories may be overcome at Dolcis who are showing a collection of smart handbags. One of these in suède and patent is included in the group on the left, and costs thirty-five shillings. It could be carried with any one of the trio, including the "Streamline" Oxford shoe standing in the top far corner. This is made in suède with a patent covered heel, and strips of patent across the toe and up the sides. A similar type of shoe is seen below stitched with alternate bands of braid and patent leather. This is ideal for promenade wear and is available in black, blue and brown suède. The last of the trio is a suède pump shoe with a long vamp ornamented with variegated strips of patent. It costs thirty-five shillings, and like the rest of the shoes on this page, has crossed the Atlantic

Scott Bushe

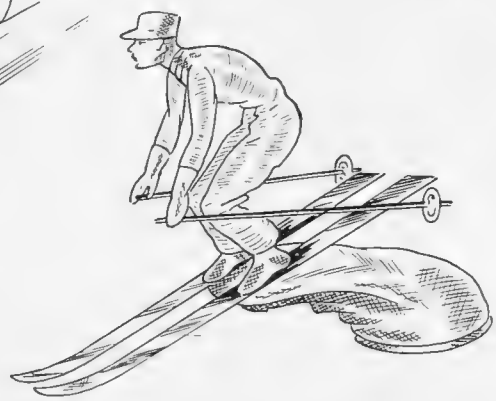
The Bystander Twins in search of NOVELTIES

discovered by peta

pictured by pam



A useful accessory for a luxurious limousine is sketched above from Smith's, 185, Great Portland Street. It consists of a walnut case divided into partitions and fitted with a mirror, notecase and notebook, two cut glass silver top bottles and a recessed eight-day clock



There is scope for wit as well as art in the modern car mascot which can be anything from a Bonzo puppy to the Venus de Milo. The ski-ing figure above in chromium-plated bronze costs three pounds and may be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge

The "Birdie" horn which gives an exact reproduction of the Cuckoo's call, is easily fitted to any make of car, and sounds an effective warning to absent-minded pedestrians. It is built on the principle of an organ and resembles a pair of bellows. Harrods have it for 12/6 complete with fittings

Motoring goggles are the greatest protection and relieve the eyes from considerable strain. The full field pair illustrated are fitted with "Salvoc" reinforced glass, while their shape affords an extra wide field of vision. They are obtainable from Theodore Hamblin, 15, Wigmore Street, and can be fitted with specially prescribed lenses

Below: A waterproof motoring armlet, fleece lined and fitted with twill wind cuffs, has been specially designed for use on wet days, as it protects the right arm which so often gets soaked. It is spongeable and therefore useful when tinkering with the engine, and may be seen at Harrods for 3/6

Both feet and ankles get very cold when motoring any distance in winter, and suède overshoes lined with wool are an enormous comfort. Smith's are showing the pair above with crêpe soles and a sliding fastener. They cost 45/9, and will take a moderately high heel

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Edith Sitwell, J. B. Morton, Paul Morand and Others: By Alan Thomas

Miss Edith Sitwell's novel *I Live Under a Black Sun* (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), is founded upon the story of Jonathan Swift. The tale is pitched in the twentieth century, partly during the war and partly after. Swift is called Hare, Stella becomes Anna, and Vanessa Essy. So far so good—so very good. But in an endeavour to match Swift's pessimism to the mood of the present day, Miss Sitwell unnecessarily, and therefore regrettably, introduces at intervals throughout her story fierce, melodramatic passages on the greed, hatred and fear which are the curse of mankind, and on "the two nations alone that inhabit the earth, the rich and the poor, walking to their death in opposed hordes." A quotation taken from the end of the book is illustrative of her method. Swift—or, rather, Hare—is dying. His housekeeper comes in to tell him that bonfires and illuminations are being prepared to celebrate his birthday, and he makes his famous retort: "It is all folly, they had better let it alone." Then "his hand, falling at his side once more, let drop the whole piece of bread. It was very late, and now no sound of life was heard in the house excepting from the wainscotting of the room where he sat, where the civilisation of the mice, upheld by war, was being made safe for posterity. Rather than share the piece of bread that had fallen from the giant's hand, they were willing to be wiped out. Squealing and shrieking among the dust, they rushed to destroy each other. And outside, his paw outstretched, the cat was waiting, watching. Let them fight. Let them destroy each other. Then will come Darkness, Darkness." The dark sun, in other words, shines not only upon Swift but on the world. Miss Sitwell has brought to her tale all her power of imaginative and poetic writing; and the result—when she sticks to Swift and doesn't allow herself to wander off into the waste land of world pessimism—is a beautiful and often very moving story.

Continuing his studies of the French Revolution, Mr. J. B. Morton now takes as his subject the short life of Louis-Charles, the son of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette. His book is called *The Dauphin* (Longmans; 12s. 6d.). The story is dramatic enough in itself—the flight to Varennes, the days spent in the Temple prison and later in the Tower, the plans for escape, the child's sufferings at the hands of drunken gaolers, and his early death. This story in Mr. Morton's hands loses nothing of its drama. Not only has he a rare gift for description, an eye for just the right amount of detail, but his writing—especially when his subject moves him—assumes a classic grandeur. An example of this may be found on pages 197 to 199, where he denounces those who were responsible for the "slow killing of a little boy." To the question, did the Dauphin die in prison or did he escape? Mr. Morton returns an unequivocal answer. "I hold it certain," he says, "that the Dauphin died in the Temple on June 8th, 1795." And by way of strengthening his case he has included at the end of the story an account of the four principal pretenders. *The Dauphin* will enormously enhance Mr. Morton's already considerable reputation both as a historian and as a writer of English prose.

Bruno Frank's *Closed Frontiers*, A Story of Modern Europe (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), admirably translated from the German by Cyrus Brooks, is in form a novel, in substance a piece of contemporary history. The scene is laid in Nazi Germany, and if Hitler has bestowed any blessings on his country, the author of this book is blind to them. Hitlerism means for him a reversion to barbarism, a system founded on unrighteousness and supported by unutterable cruelty. The central figure of the story is Prince Ludwig, younger son of a German Duke. He is a man of studious tastes and artistic leanings—very different from his elder brother, who was an intimate friend of the famous Captain Röhm. Ludwig is banished from Germany, returning there disguised as a Lett in order to rescue his old tutor from a concentration camp. The two of them thereafter make their way to London, thanking God that the air they breathe is English air—even though it be that of a cheap St. John's Wood lodging-house and the British Museum Reading Room. The book draws its significance from the times in which we live. It is a sincere work, utterly reasonable and, in its latter end, pathetic. A novel for Liberals, in fact.

The English are always interested to read—if not to hear—what other people think of them, especially such gifted and observant people as M. Paul Morand. His latest book, *The Road to India* (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is "the summary of six or seven [journeys] to the Near East and the Orient, in steamships and aeroplanes, in motor cars and flying boats, in railways and yachts." At each stopping-place M. Morand makes an historical survey, adding his own reflections on the general scene. He pays a generous tribute to the British, and to the way the Empire has been built up "by generations of men who were curious, free of inertia, inconstancy, laziness or fear." His observations on Palestine are particularly interesting. Such conclusions as he reaches are implied mostly in the form of questions. And his wayside comments, if they are not always a model of accuracy, are at all events provoking. To the Admiralty, in particular, he attributes a measure of influence which not many Englishman would imagine it possessed.

What to do with old junk? Or, to put it more politely, the mass of papers of one kind and another—photographs, letters, souvenirs of memorable occasions (long since forgotten), theatre programmes, even picture postcards—that have accumulated down the years and are cluttering up our drawers. The problem is like death: it comes to all of us. Mr. Cecil Beaton solves it in the grand Wellingtonian manner—publish and be damned. "I have now over fifty diaries and scrapbooks," he writes in the preface to *Cecil Beaton's Scrapbook* (Batsford; 21s.), "memorials of many violated magazines . . . photographs and pictorial miscellanea which have accumulated since childhood." In this highly decorative and kaleidoscopic volume dating only from some five years back, Mr. Beaton has supplemented his well-known photographic expertise by a lively letterpress. His subjects range from Fred Astaire to Picasso, from Garbo (did you know she possesses no evening dress and is too nervous to read?) to the Russian Ballet. And that is but a scrap of this catholic and entertaining scrapbook.

"All right—go out and have *affairs!"*

A drawing from Patrick Bellew's new book, "Private View," in which the jokes range from mild (like this) to much less mild. Arthur Barker is the publisher

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LOOK FOR THE SIGN OF THE REGISTERED EUGÈNE WAVER

CVS—55

G. F. Saul (ex-captain)

Leslie Holt (committee)

A. A. Worboys and Percy Dallas (ex-captain)

Capt. G. W. Lock (secretary)

Golf Clubs at Home

Old Ford Manor, Hadley

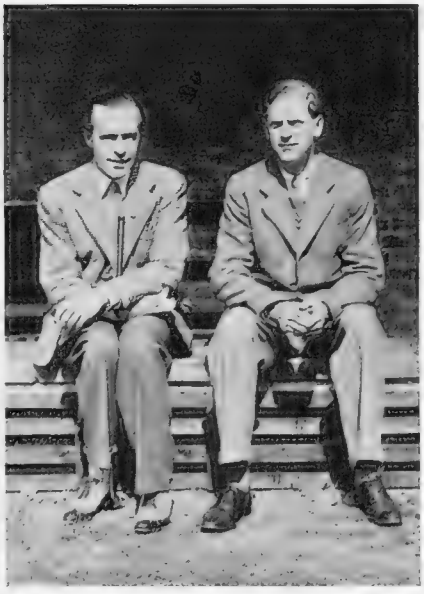
P. R. Callard (captain)

A View of the Club-house

This club is situated about half a mile to the north of Barnet, in the fork between the St. Albans Road and the Great North Road. One of the first rounds on the site of the course was the battle of Barnet (1471). Nowadays, sport is more peaceful. Founded in 1911, the club offers a park-type game with an interesting variety of holes. The course is on gravel and sand, which makes it playable when many of its clay-founded neighbours are not

F. G. Jewell

J. S. Fernie (professional)



T. M. Grice (ex-captain) and the Hon. Carol Fellowes (director)

D. A. Porteous (vice-captain)

"Bystander" Foursomes at Roehampton

Mrs. F. M. Barnes and Miss D. Bower (N. Foreland) beat Mrs. A. Rice-Hunt and Mrs. S. Spillane (S. Herts) in the first round, and also won their second and third round matches

Mrs. Rothwell Jackson and Miss D. Boase (R. Wimbledon) were beaten by Miss M. P. Lush and Mrs. Nott-Bower (R. Mid-Surrey) who were themselves knocked out in the second round

Mrs. Chesterton and Mrs. Ayscough (Wentworth) won their match against Mrs. K. Hills (Meyrick Park) and Mrs. Sherston Baker (Roehampton), but were second round losers

Mrs. D. I. Pickett and Miss B. Pickett (Roehampton) lost to Miss Offo and Mrs. G. F. Pryor (Sudbury), another couple whose hopes were dashed in the second round

Mrs. P. T. Power and Mrs. H. T. Gage (Wentworth) lost to Mrs. W. S. Reid and Mrs. de Haviland Hall (Coombe Wood) who also failed to reach the last sixteen

Mrs. G. Sclater (Piltdown) and Mrs. Alan Druce (Tandridge) lost to Lady Sanderson (R. Ashdown Forest) and Mrs. Kenneth Morrice (Wentworth)

Mrs. Easton and Miss Easton (Worplesdon) beat Miss P. Hunter (Coombe Wood) and Mrs. Jack Solomon (Frinton); later they lost to the Barnes — Bower pair

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 13 — October 19

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Malcolm Keen is in the name-part of this amusing, crooked long-runner now nearing its end: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

AUTUMN.—Margaret Kennedy's new play shows Wyndham Goldie as a K.C., Flora Robson as his second wife, Victoria Hopper as his daughter by first marriage: St. Martin's, 8.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.—Dodie Smith's newest aims higher than her others, with Anne Firth in a delicate exposition of youthful passion; Ivy St. Helier, Cecil Parker, Peter Coke: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DEAD HAND.—The Playgoers' Guild present this, with Margaretta Scott and Godfrey Kenton: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

THE FIRST LEGION.—The fine and gripping play about a Jesuit brotherhood has transferred complete to the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfred Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—Emlyn Williams, Marie Ney, Jean Cadell in Tyrone Guthrie's production of Shakespeare's sombre play about lust: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OLD MUSIC.—Whistler's décor, Benda's dresses, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams and Celia Johnson's acting are the best things about Keith Winter's Victorian romance: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

PEOPLE IN LOVE.—But not very deeply or brightly, despite good acting by Ellen Pollock, Greta Nissen, Cyril Ritchard: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

RICHARD II.—Perfectly proportioned and strongly acted by the whole cast, the first of this repertory season puts Gielgud as King, Peggy Ashcroft as Queen, Michael Redgrave as Bolingbroke: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOUTH'S THE SEASON.—A tragi-comedy of Dublin life is the second of the Longford players' season: Westminster, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CRAZY DAYS.—Good economic humour and slapstick well up to Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino's standard: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr, Zena Dare and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson's newest riot has Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne, Debroy Somers' band, etc.: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 97.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Basil Foster and Ethel Glendinning as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues again, with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"I Have Been Here Before"

Eileen Beldon is with Lewis Casson, who plays the professor with the cyclical time theory which is the centre of J. B. Priestley's play at the Royalty

THE LAST STRAW.—Marius Goring in another gruesome thriller, baulked of revenge on Oxford hearties by Lucie Mannheim, who also produced the play: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well maintained: Apollo, 8.30 Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—One of George Black's best yet, with a number of rhapsodic and well-handled scenes and the Crazy Gang on top of form: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30

WANTED FOR MURDER.—An ingenious thriller gives Louise Hampton, Arthur Sinclair, Austin Trevor good parts; Terence de Marney draws the maniac murderer skilfully: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE CASE OF BLONDIE WHITE.—Promised as a new kind of crime play, it features Joan Marion and Basil Sydney: Globe, to-night, 13th.

TAKE IT EASY.—This musical with Gene Gerrard and Barbara Blair has a fresh start at the Palace: To-night, 13th.

HIDE AND SEEK.—Cicely Courtneidge and Bobby Howes are together for the first time in Jack Hulbert's lavish production: Hippodrome, Thurs., 14th.

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER.—A romantic musical about Frans Hals with Arthur Margetson and Irene Eisinger: Adelphi, Mon., 18th.

CINEMAS

ARTISTS AND MODELS (American).—Romance, music and girls; Jack Benny, Ida Lupino, Richard Arlen: Plaza

BIG CITY (American).—Luise Rainer and Spencer Tracy are in this: Empire.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS (American).—The film version of Kipling's book has Spencer Tracy, Lionel Barrymore, Melvyn Douglas and Freddie Bartholomew: Marble Arch Pavilion.

GANGWAY (British).—Jessie Matthews' latest shows her as a reporter who gets in and out of trouble with Barry Mackay and others: Gaumont.

THE GO GETTER (American).—George Brent and Anita Louise are in this industrial comedy drama; also "Slim" with Pat O'Brien and Henry Fonda: New Gallery.

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR (British).—Marlene Dietrich as an escapist Russian countess, Robert Donat as her Scarlet Pimpernel; good authenticity: London Pavilion.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—Feyder's historic gem, with Françoise Rosay, is at the Berkeley.

LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR (French).—Sacha Guitry and Jacqueline Delubac in a subtly humorous film from his book about a trickster: Academy.

SOULS AT SEA (American).—Gary Cooper and George Raft in the amazing tale of the seaman who assumed God's functions in mid-Atlantic: Carlton.

A STAR IS BORN (American).—Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in a technicolour tragedy, excellently acted revealing the inside of the film world: Tivoli.

VICTORIA THE GREAT (British).—Herbert Wilcox's great panorama with Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook as the royal pair: Leicester Square.

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING (American).—But you can have a big cast including Alice Faye, the Ritz Brothers, Don Ameche: Regal.

Premiere

THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN (French).—Sacha Guitry has launched into history in a big way with an Anglo-English cast including Jacqueline Delubac, Yvette Pienne, Lyn Harding: Curzon, to-night, 13th.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

LAC DES CYGNES, Act II., NOCTURNE, CHECKMATE.—Fri., 15th, 8.30.

POMONA, THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, A WEDDING BOUQUET.—Tues., 19th, 8.30.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

AÏDA.—To-night, 13th, 7.45.
THE MAGIC FLUTE.—Thurs., 14th, 8.
LA BOHÈME.—Sat., 16th, 2.30.
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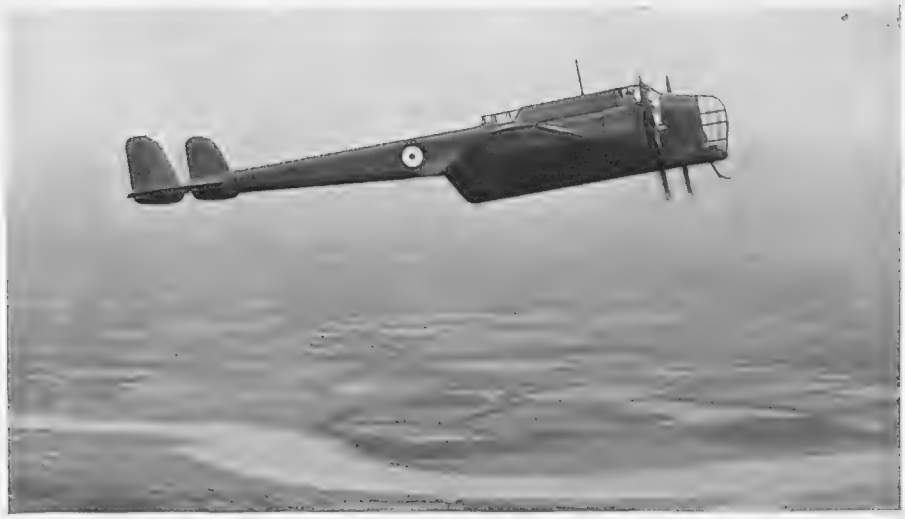

Charles E. Brown

A view of the aptly-named "Flying Suitcase," known officially as the Handley-Page "Hampden." Crew, defensive and offensive armament are carried for'ard in a compact apartment, the tail and steering-gear being connected by a slender boom

Flying Here and There

By Charles Ward

Mostly About Home Airways

THE most progressive of the unsubsidised companies running home airways is now the North Eastern group, headed by Lord Grimthorpe, who backed Airspeed, Ltd., in their early days, and including Major J. E. D. Shaw, a well-known private owner, who is on the Board. The "Envoy" and the de H. "Rapide" are used from London to Perth, with Airspeed "Couriers" and the "Dragon" on other routes. The "Envoy" is the most popular type in service, having a maximum speed in excess of 200 miles an hour, and is, incidentally, practically the same machine as that purchased by the Air Council for the Royal Household. Five hundred passengers a month have been flown between London and Aberdeen; also on the intersecting line from Grimsby to Liverpool, via Doncaster. During this winter, all services will be maintained, with the exception of the hop over the hills from Perth to Aberdeen, and in addition, the 'planes stop at Leeds and Edinburgh on request. Edinburgh, by the way, is still without a proper airport. Congestion in the air at the Isle of Man has been dispersed somewhat by an agreement between the L.M.S., the shipping company and Olleys for a fusion of interests. Olley keeps a substantial share in the merger, and with his service to the Scillies and along the south coast, plus a flourishing charter business and a line to Deauville in season, is one of the larger operators. Norman Edgar, at Weston-super-Mare, has retained his independence and is likely to survive the absorption process which has illuminated most of the small companies from the air travel business. What with local lines in the West Country, flying in co-operation with the Army, a ferry service across the Bristol Channel and a popular joy-riding pitch at Weston's splendid aerodrome, he has the nucleus of a prosperous concern. Another old-timer in the air transport business is Captain Hope, who is advising a group carrying freight to the Continent. Such miscellaneous cargo as race-horses, flowers, pianos, chickens, and gold dust have been loaded without difficulty during the first few days of the company's inception. Goods are now accepted by Air France for carriage to South America, provided that space is booked and payment made in advance.

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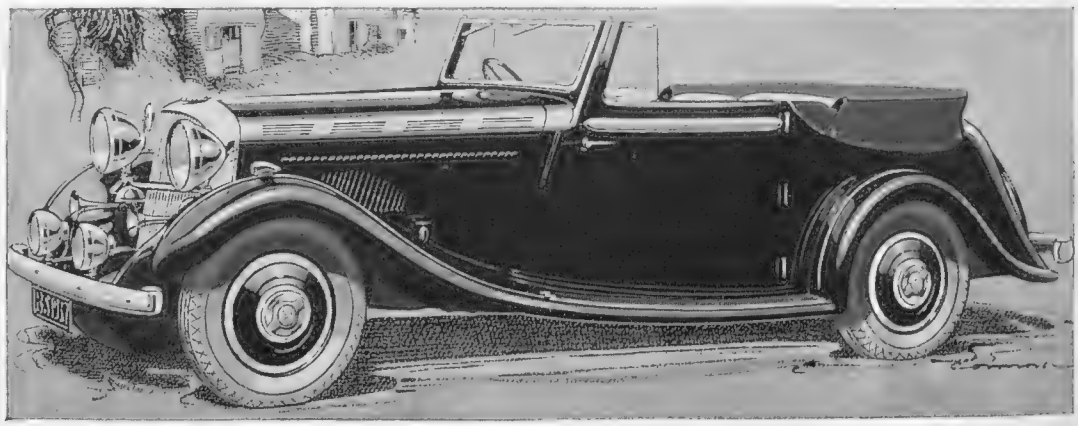

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Howard Marshall on Sport *(Continued from page 66)*

governing bodies do not need the stimulus of open tournaments. Their gate receipts are already sufficiently satisfactory.

I do not argue against the ethics of allowing amateurs and professionals to play one another. The open championship in golf is an accepted fact, and, in due course, I daresay lawn tennis will be forced to fall into line. But the day has not yet arrived.

IN the meanwhile the echoes of another battle in the sporting world assault our patient ears, for Ted Broadribb has returned to England, still displeased with Tommy Farr, but still determined to manage him until March, when his contract expires.

Farr also has returned to the fold, having duly signed on the dotted line for promoter Mike Jacobs, that astute man of business. It may be that Farr will be given another crack at the title next September, should this fit in with Jacobs's plans. Whether Farr will accept Larry Gains' challenge for a match in England remains to be seen, but this is surely improbable.

Farr would like a fight before he goes back to America, but suitable opponents are scarce, though plenty of heavy-weights would jump at the chance of meeting him. Len Harvey is one of them, and I fancy that Maurice Strickland, who meets Neusel at Wembley on October 19th, is another. Watch Strickland, anyway. I hear from those who saw him fighting in America recently that he is vastly improved. His chances against Neusel are by no means negligible, and if he wins convincingly the heavy-weight situation will become more tangled than ever. And what about Dom Lydon, Broadribb's dark horse from Ireland? We have grown very sceptical about these mystery heavy-weights. Lydon will have to fight his way to recognition, and that will take time.

FORTUNATELY all is quiet just now on the Rugby football front, and we are contentedly watching club games, with no serious thoughts for the future. Even so, I will make the perhaps obvious prophecy that some of the Coventry team will force their way into representative games this year. And I will add that at the moment A. Seaton, of Coventry, is the outstanding back-row forward in the country.

The season, unhappily, has started with an unusually large crop of accidents. This is hardly surprising when we remember how dry the ground has been, but it strengthens the arguments of those who insist that October is quite soon enough to begin Rugby football. Blackheath are particularly unfortunate to lose their captain, J. A. Tallent, but there seems to be some sort of evil destiny shaped for Blackheath captains. For some years now the Club's captain has been crocked at the beginning of the season, and before long we shall find people declining to take office! Seriously, though, Blackheath will miss Tallent severely, for he was most enthusiastic and energetic. Let us hope he will soon be fit again.

Finalists at Chiswick

Donald Butler, the Worcestershire schoolmaster, beat Ronald Shayes in the singles of the last hard court tournament of the 1937 season. They won the doubles together

THIS is the time of year, incidentally, when University captains scratch their heads considerably. Overwhelmed with promising Seniors, and Freshers who come from school with prodigious reputations, and Old Blues who may or may not be worth their places again, the weeding-out process is a long, important and anxious one.

The captain's eye for a player is one of the most telling factors in the building of a first-rate Varsity side. This year both Oxford and Cambridge have gaps to fill, and a multitude of likely candidates. There are rumours of a brilliant South African centre in residence at Oxford, and R. Bruce-Lockhart is already in form, and virtually a certainty for the stand-off half position at Cambridge.

It is fantastic to think that in less than two months the Varsity match will be upon us, but we may at least expect to see two rattling good sides taking the field on that December afternoon.

OPENING OF CURZON AUTUMN SEASON

INTRODUCING an entirely new technique in the method of dialogue presentation, and relating a magnificent tale of fact and fancy, adventure and romance, Sacha Guitry's great film success "The Pearls of the Crown" opens the Autumn season of films at the Curzon Cinema, Mayfair, on Wednesday, October 13th.

The film has broken all records in Paris and introduces many of the greatest living artistes from the English, French and Italian worlds of drama. Guitry himself, Jacqueline Delubac his lovely wife, Lyn Harding, Cecile Sorel, Percy Marmont, Ermete Zacconi, Renée Saint-Cyr, Yvette Pienne, Arletty and Huguette Duflos, are some of the fifty famous names that help to compose one of the greatest casts ever assembled for a film production.

Sacha Guitry in "THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN" at the Curzon on October 13th.

Into the lives of Francis I of France, Henry VIII, Elizabeth and Queen Victoria, the Dubarry, the Empress Josephine, the Napoleons, Catherine de Medici, Mary Queen of Scots, enters this unusual tale of Seven Pearls—four of which now adorn the crown of England and three of which were for ever lost after the death of the ill-fated Mary Stuart.

What happened to those three magnificent pearls?

"It is in connection with these three pearls," writes Sacha Guitry, "that I have given full play to my imagination—running after them in England, France and Italy, through all the periods, from the death of Mary Stuart to the present day."

In his imagination, Sacha Guitry found them—"The Pearls of the Crown" tells how.

Advertisement for the Curzon Cinema.

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Bizarre, isn't it? That's one of the attractions of globetrotting . . . weird encounter here, grotesque custom there—and back they come, flicking through your memory, when talk is hinging on strangers in strange lands.

Now a land which is becoming more and more a venue for Winter pleasure-seekers, is South America, and this season the shipping companies offer many ways and means of visiting this sun-kissed corner of the globe.

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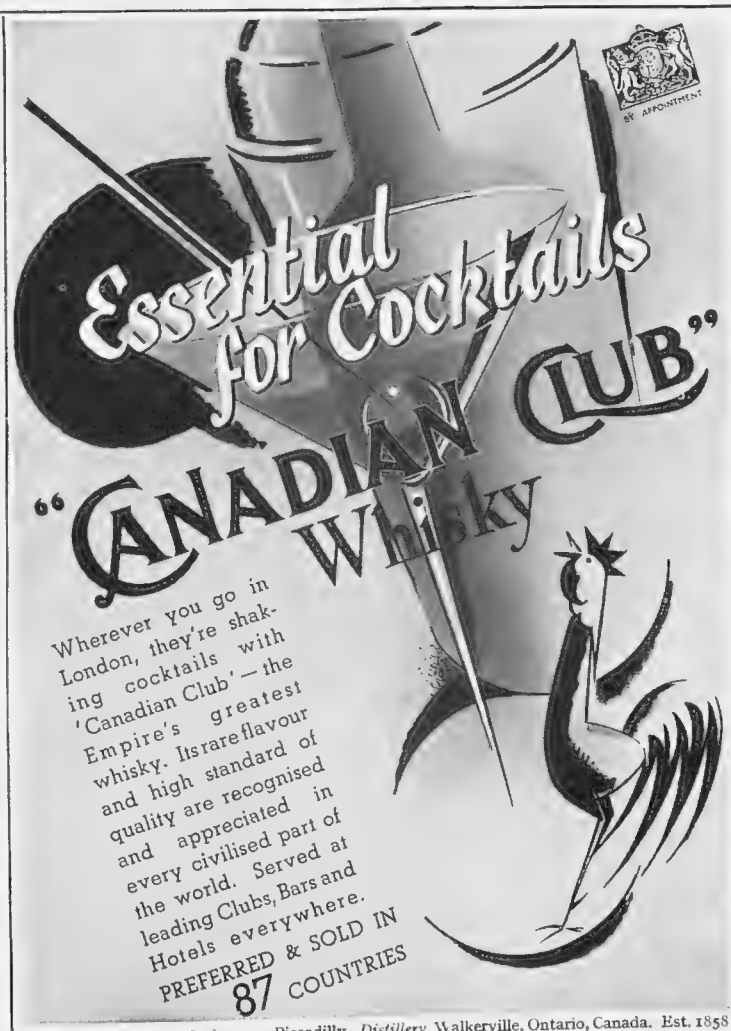

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The Camera Cannot Lie! *(Continued from page 50)*

"I thought that his poor acting was part of the deception. Sounds silly, doesn't it?"

"Don't worry about Loti, old man. Take a tip from me. Loti 's all right."

"His acting—it 's just lack of experience. Is that what you mean?"

"I daresay that 's got something to do with it."

"You won't say anything about this conversation, Berny?"

"Not a word. Tight as a clam. Glad to settle your mind for you."

Weiner watched him stride away. Good fellow, Berny! Shows what a state your mind gets into if you start imagining things. Whistling for the first time that day he got up and walked over to the prop-man.

"Sorry if I was rude about that omelette, Mac."

"'S all right, sir," said the prop-man, staring at him.

THEY were trickling back to the studio in twos and threes. He kept his eyes open for Loti. After all, Loti was only a slip of a man. He 'd teach him something. Show him how to act a love scene. He looked at the watch on his wrist. Five minutes yet. He saw Loti, alone, walking to the set.

"Ah! There you are! I 'd like to go over the scene with you. Mind if I try to give you a tip or two?"

"Be glad of it, Weiner."

They both felt very friendly to each other.

Vera coming from the restaurant found the two men talking together. She smile at both of them, pleased to find them fraternising. Gratefulness towards her husband surged up in her. She had misjudged him again, thinking he was jealous.

"Vera," said Weiner, "I 'm going through this scene with you. I think Mr. Loti would find it helpful. Do you mind?"

"He is a bit of a cart-horse," laughed Vera. "But he 'll improve in time."

"You watch me, Loti. I 'm giving you priceless advice."

Loti sat down in Weiner's chair, and cupping his head in his hands watched them play the scene.

"'You want to leave?'" began Weiner, slowly, reading from the script. "'And this is so lovely a place. Why do you want to go?'"

"'I must,'" she said.

"'You don't really want to go,'" said Weiner, confidently. "'You know you don't. You want to stay but you 're too proud to admit it.'"

He winked at Loti suggestively. Then, with a quick movement he slid his arm around her waist and pulling her towards him, kissed her masterfully.

"'I knew you didn't want to go,'" he murmured.

He took her by the hands and propelled her towards the horsehair sofa. The camera-man was watching, closely interested.

She sat down, Weiner beside her. He kissed her again. His eyes were full of shining lights—even the camera-man saw their intense twinkling.

Weiner suddenly released her. He sprang to his feet and walked heavily from the set. Vera stared at him with bewilderment. A thoughtful frown puckered her forehead.

"See, Loti? Get the idea?" said Weiner. "Like to try it again, now? Be careful of your diction, though; be sincere but daring. That 's important."

Loti laughed. "I 'll try, Weiner."

"Just a minute, Mr. Love-making Weiner," Vera began ironically, "I 'd like a word with you. *This* way." She pointed to the dressing-rooms.

"Excuse me, Loti," apologised Weiner, looking disturbed.

They stopped in the secrecy of the dressing-rooms.

"Phil," said Vera slowly, her eyes boring into him. "When you were away were you *alone*?"

"Why, of course, dear! Why shouldn't I be alone?"

"You 're a liar," said his wife evenly. "You couldn't make love like that three weeks ago. Who taught you? *Who taught you*, you scoundrel!"

"Oh, dear," said Weiner, twisting and turning on his feet. "What a clever woman you are."

He tried to laugh it away. She stood grimly, awaiting his words.

THE END.

Women's Golf: "Bystander" Monthly Medal Spoon Competition

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the scratch scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive, fifteen spoons are awarded in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. purposes are eligible. One spoon is given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

Cards must be sent to reach the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so as to reach her not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and Memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER Spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

September Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss M. Savage	Shrewsbury	82	18	64	75	11 below
Miss Joyce Dickerson	Stoke Poges	80	14	66	76	10 "
Miss Dobson	Brocton Hall	70	4	66	74	8 "
Miss J. S. Pearson	Royal Cromer	80	11	69	76	7 "
Miss Mary Moore	Stratford-on-Avon	73	4	69	75	6 "
Miss R. F. Martin	Cooden Beach	82	12	70	76	6 "
Miss E. Littlewood	Woodsome Hall	81	12	69	75	6 "
Miss Jean Donald	Stoke Poges	85	15	70	76	6 "
Mrs. Slade	Shirley Park	83	16	67	73	6 "
Miss E. Colvill	Dyke	83	17	66	72	6 "
Mrs. Walker	Trentham	79	8	71	76	5 "
Miss J. Priest	Huddersfield	82	10	72	77	5 "
Mrs. D. Frost	Sandwell Park	80	12	68	73	5 "
Mrs. Jex Robertson	Littlehampton	85	15	70	75	5 "
Miss Baynes	Shirley Park	83	15	68	73	5 "
Mrs. Flett	Derbyshire	87	18	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Hainsworth	West Bowling	84	18	66	71	5 "
Mrs. Osborn	Huddersfield	81	8	73	77	4 "
Mrs. Cruickshank	Effingham Manor	79	8	71	75	4 "
Mrs. Alex Watson	Stanmore	79	9	70	74	4 "
Mrs. J. L. Wallace	Copt Heath	83	13	70	74	4 "
Mrs. Thorpe	West Bradford	81	14	67	71	4 "
Mrs. M. A. Withers	Sandwell Park	86	17	69	73	4 "
Mrs. Tellwright	Trentham	90	18	72	76	4 "
Mrs. S. P. Smith	Hearsall	86	18	68	72	4 "
Mrs. G. Buckley	Withington	79	8	71	74	3 "
Mrs. D. E. Law	Bromborough	82	11	71	74	3 "
Mrs. Monk	Bramhall	85	13	72	75	3 "
Mrs B. W. Simpson	Ringway	83	14	69	72	3 "
Mrs. W. B. Wilson	Bowdon	87	15	72	75	3 "

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss J. Lawrence	Cleethorpes	85	27	58	72	14 below
Miss E. M. Smith	Chilwell Manor	97	36	61	73	12 "
Mrs. A. Nicholson	Moortown	84	19	65	76	11 "
Miss K. Smith	Ashford Manor	93	27	66	76	10 "
Miss E. Crabtree	Baildon	91	29	62	72	10 "
Mrs. Huntly J. B. Ness	Whitecraigs	93	30	63	73	10 "
Mrs. Geoffrey Allen	Walsall	99	33	66	76	10 "
Mrs. D. W. White	Worsley	100	36	64	74	10 "
Miss P. M. Edmeston	Worsley	100	36	64	74	10 "
Mrs. J. Gray Kilgrove	Aberdeen	91	24	67	76	9 "
Mrs. Stanley Cooper	Wollaton Park	93	29	64	73	9 "
Mrs. F. Barber	Leek	95	31	64	73	9 "
Mrs. L. W. Carpenter	Tiverton	98	33	65	74	9 "
Mrs. Rountree	West Middlesex	84	19	65	73	8 "
Mrs. Ray	Dulwich & Sydenham Hill	96	29	67	75	8 "
Mrs. Hollings	Ladbrook Park	98	33	65	73	8 "
Miss P. Garrard	Kingsthorpe	102	36	66	74	8 "
Mrs. W. R. Rowledge	Malden	89	21	68	75	7 "
Miss R. Eastick	Bungay and Waveney Valley	91	24	67	74	7 "
Miss N. R. Leaf	Bromborough	92	25	67	74	7 "
Miss D. Jones	Northampton	96	29	67	74	7 "
Mrs. A. Finding	Bedford and County	96	29	67	74	7 "
Miss M. L. Sands	Coventry	98	31	67	74	7 "
Mrs. Reginald Wood	Huyton	98	32	66	73	7 "
Miss K. Firth	West Bowling	98	34	64	71	7 "
Mrs. MacDonnell	West Middlesex	102	36	66	73	7 "
Miss M. Franks	Sutton Coldfield	88	19	69	75	6 "
Mrs. B. Pockett	Shrewsbury	90	21	69	75	6 "
Mrs. Castle	Bromborough	94	26	68	74	6 "
Mrs. Elsie Jowett	West Bowling	91	26	65	71	6 "

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competitions must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON OCTOBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

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NEW Evening Ensembles

GOWN DEPARTMENT (17)
(SECOND FLOOR)

(*Above*) An EVENING ENSEMBLE comprising COAT OF BROCADE, in Jade-green with shadow design in Chinese-blue, worn over a GOWN in Eau-de-Nil/Silver Brocade. READY TO WEAR OR MADE TO MEASURE. Gown only, 16½ Gns. Two-piece complete PRICE **28½** GNS.

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A Velvet Gown

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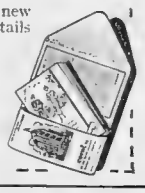

Henry Heath Ltd
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172 New Bond St. W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

8968. Fur Felt Sports Hat with punched crown. In all fashionable colours, 21/9. Agencies everywhere.

By Appointment.

For the

SMALL WOMAN

THIRD FLOOR

On classical lines this graceful evening gown is cleverly designed from double width velvet to avoid unnecessary seams ; obtainable in black or new shades of blue and green, and in two sizes. 10½ Gns.

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"BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

Motor Show Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

IT is an apt coincidence that this year, when the venue of the Annual Motor Exhibition is changed from Olympia to Earl's Court, the vast majority of manufacturers should have embodied so much that is new in their programmes for 1938.

The most general characteristic of the Show this year is the effort which is apparent to introduce more refinement of appointment and performance into cars of all classes for 1938.

Comfort and silence are two factors in evidence on even the cheapest models, while simplicity of maintenance together with ease of control and improved visibility have received universal consideration.

For many years now the Motor Exhibition has enjoyed the patronage of the reigning monarch; this year's Show, however, has received an unprecedented honour in that her Majesty Queen Elizabeth has also granted her patronage. This is perhaps the reason why the organisers decided to link up this honour with the institution of "Ladies' Day"; for, on the opening day, to-morrow, every male ticket-holder will be entitled to be admitted accompanied by a lady free of charge.

Alvis

THE Alvis Company announce a new "Silver Crest" model of 20 h.p. and a new four-cylinder 12-70-h.p. car for 1938.

Of the new 20-h.p. "Silver Crest" it may be said at once that its performance is even more imposing than that of any of its predecessors.

The power-weight ratio employed gives it a flat-out speed of 80 m.p.h., while so flexible is the engine that the car still runs sweetly at 4 m.p.h. on top gear.

The Alvis Company have found it possible to list the new 20-h.p. "Silver Crest" at £595 in saloon form—a price £150 lower than any other 20 h.p. Alvis model that has ever been offered to the public.

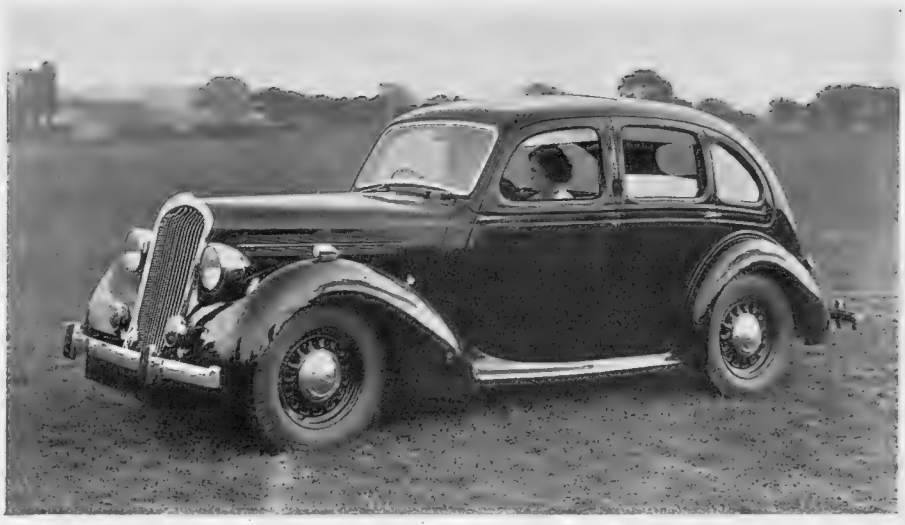
The other newcomer to the Alvis range, the exceptionally interesting 12-70-h.p. four-cylinder model, is available in saloon form at £435 and as a drop-head coupé at £445.

Armstrong Siddeley

"BALANCED DRIVE," which is another way of saying "the deadening of vibration," is the main feature of the advancement of Armstrong Siddeley design for 1938.

The banishment of driving strain at low speeds as well as at high speeds cannot evoke too high praise, and the Armstrong Siddeley people are to be congratulated upon their achievements in this direction.

In the new season's programme, Armstrong Siddeley Motors, Ltd., list three distinct engine ratings—the 14 h.p., the 17 h.p., and the 25 h.p.—and of these the 17 h.p. and 25 h.p. are available in



Standard: *the "Flying V-eight," which will touch 82 m.p.h., is rated at 20 h.p. and costs £325*

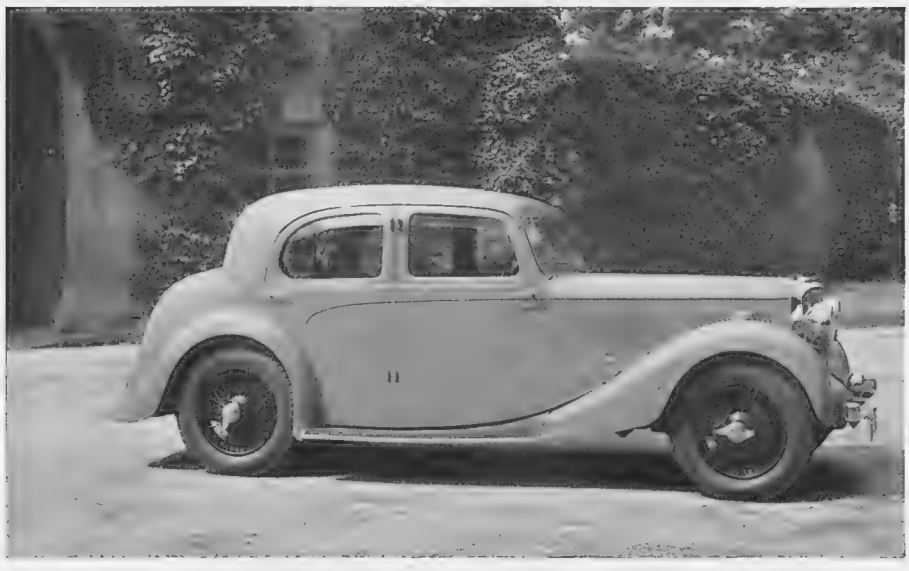
Hillman: *this is the four-cylinder "Fourteen" saloon, a sturdy family car with high performance*

Wolseley: *the 1938 "Super Six" is a dignified and handsome model available in three horse-power ratings—16, 21 and 25*

• "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

Daimler: *taken at Bryn Bras Castle, North Wales, this picture shows one of the smart new Daimler "Fifteens"*

Talbot: *the model illustrated is one of three "Tens" for 1938 — the Sports tourer, a lively piece of work*



Alvis: *four cylinders, 12-70 h.p., is the rating of this light saloon, priced at £435*

long or short wheelbase models. There is also a medium chassis in the 17-h.p. range. In every instance the engines are of the six-cylinder type.

"Balanced drive" is, of course, incorporated in all Armstrong-Siddeley cars for 1938, and prices range from £320 for the 14-h.p. models to £745 for the 25-h.p. limousine or landaulette.

Austins

As usual, Austins present a most comprehensive programme for the coming year.

The new and stylish "Big Seven" will be one of the most eagerly-inspected cars at Earl's Court, for it embodies so many features which have long been looked for in vain on cars of this type.

With fixed head, this new model costs £155, while a sliding-roof saloon costs but an additional £5.

Another 1938 Austin which will arouse great interest is the new "18."

For this car the makers claim that it initiates a new standard of motoring luxury.

An exceptionally roomy seven-seater body is mounted on the chassis, whose wheelbase is 10 ft. 3 in., while a general re-designing of the front end has enabled the bonnet so greatly to be reduced in length that visibility is unusually good for such a large car.

The "18" is available in five different forms at prices ranging from £350 to £383, all being saloons.

In addition to these two new models, the Austin Company will, of course, include in their 1938 range models to suit all tastes, the number totalling twenty-three body styles on seven different types of chassis.

Bentley

ELEGANCE, speed, refinement, comfort and silence: any car combining these qualities to a maximum degree must be an outstanding product.

Yet these are only a few of the characteristics which make the Bentley a product of unique interest.

Its smoothness and silence, its wonderful acceleration and braking, its perfect road-holding and controllability—these are other features which occasion the Bentley-owner a pride of possession which other car-owners may—and in many cases, do—envy!

Either a 3½-litre engine or one of 4¼ litres is available on the 1938 chassis, and while no revolutionary alterations are announced, a number of detail modifications productive of even greater refinement than before are incorporated.

Rolls-Royce

VERY much the same may be said of such intimate changes as have been effected to the Rolls-Royce cars.

Two models will be on view at Earl's Court, the six-cylinder, with its alternatives of either 25-h.p. or 30-h.p. power-units, and the sumptuous twelve-cylinder with its perfect independent front suspension.

The two words "Rolls Royce" are so eloquent of quality the whole world over that one finds oneself baffled when it becomes one's duty to comment upon these cars.

Naturally, their price makes them "motors for the minority"; but their

(*Continued on page* J)

BRITISH CARS ARE BETTER BUILT

Lasting Worth and Dependability have made AUSTIN

BRITAIN'S MOST FAVOURED* CAR!

*The increase in new car registrations in Great Britain and Northern Ireland for the twelve months ending July 31st, 1937, over the preceding twelve months, was 23,414. Of this increase 68.5% were Austin cars!

See these cars at Earls Court
STAND 104

The Eighteen Windsor Saloon, £375 at works

AUSTIN'S 'QUALITY POLICY'

Talk of an Austin and, instinctively, you picture lasting worth; a practical car, a dependable car, a car that looks and is as ready for its second or third year of service as its first—a car whose consistent performance everywhere has earned respect—whose innate quality commands the highest price when at last you come to dispose of it. Detail by detail, an Austin is quality-built. The figures above* are striking proof of the trust in which Austin's 'quality policy' is held. There is only one explanation for this preference: motorists recognise Austin investment value.

This year, at Earls Court, you will see a more complete range of models than Austin have ever exhibited before at any Motor Show. Now for the details:

Models from £112 *to* £160

Economical cars for every taste!—the Baby Seven and the Big Seven. The Baby—most famous light car in the world, pre-eminent for fourteen years; lowest upkeep costs of any car—penny a mile for four, all in; nimble and light to handle; with numerous improvements in design; dependability itself. And the newcomer—the Big Seven—based on the proved qualities of its smaller brother. Roomier, with faster getaway, more comfortable . . . yet taxed at only £6. A four-door, six-window saloon that gives the best of three worlds—real running-economy, fast, smooth travel and quiet four-passenger comfort.

Models from £185 *to* £267

The Ten, the Twelve and the Fourteen—these are the cars that have set up sales records unprecedented in Austin history. From floor to roof they're sound-insulated for quiet travel. In every coachwork competition where they have been exhibited (at the Scottish, the Hastings and the Welsh Rallies) they have won first prizes for beauty and practicality of design. And their consistent performance is so satisfying, so smooth, so flexible, so responsive. This range will be examined with keen interest, embodying as it does all those essentials required by the family motorist—yet with maintenance costs that are most moderate.

Models from £350 *to* £650

The new Eighteen. Built with the sweeping lines of the Fourteen, it seats *seven* passengers in perfect ease. Exceptionally wide doors, the flat floor, and the carefully positioned folding seats, all combine to make the interior readily accessible and spaciously comfortable. This car provides a good example of a feature studied in all Austins—*maximum driving visibility*. The engine is set well forward and bonnet space reduced, so that the driver can see both side-lights. Lastly, the most imposing model in the range—the seven-seater Mayfair Limousine or Landaulet, a magnificent car with superb performance and every conceivable luxury, yet moderately priced, only £650.

Have you seen the Austin Magazine for October?

YOU BUY A CAR . . . BUT YOU invest IN AN AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham & 479 Oxford St., W.1. London Service Depots: 12, 14, 18 & 20 h.p.—Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p.—North Row W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham

● "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

Ford: *the "Eight" succeeds the famous "Popular Ford" and, improved in many details, promises to be even more popular*

Morris: *the fine little "Ten" is better than ever this year; this is a Series III. sliding-head saloon*

M.-G.: *£351 is the price of this 1½-litre folding head foursome with the usual lively performance of its marque*

beauty and their mechanical perfection make them "ambitions for all"!

Daimler

THE new Daimler "Fifteen" is quite the most interesting and progressive car this firm has ever put into the hands of the motoring public.

Torsion-bar suspension fore and aft has the effect of eliminating roll. Greatly improved body styles and a re-designed radiator rate these new Daimlers among the most handsome cars on the market.

A six-cylinder engine of absolutely straightforward design is used, this being mounted on rubber buffers at four points.

The Daimler fluid flywheel is, of course, incorporated, together with a four-speed pre-selector gear-box.

Three different body designs are listed—a six-light saloon at £475, a four-light sports saloon at £485, and a four-door drop-head cabriolet at £590.

In addition to the new "Fifteen," the Daimler range includes the "Twenty" in four styles—the 23·8 h.p. "Twenty" limousine, the Light "Straight Eight," and the "Straight Eight" with long or short chassis.

Lanchester

THE Lanchester price reductions for 1938 are particularly interesting in view of the general trend of prices to rise.

The three models are the popular "Eleven," the "Fourteen Road-rider," and the "Eighteen," and the prices range from £275 for the "Eleven" saloon with fabric top to £535 for the "Eighteen" sports saloon.

As with the Daimlers, fluid flywheel and four-speed pre-selector gear-boxes are standard throughout the entire range of models, which, in the case of the Lanchester, comprises seven varieties.

Ford

THE Ford Motor Company will not be represented at Earl's Court, preferring to hold their own Show, under more spacious conditions than would be possible for them there.

Accordingly, they have once more rented the Albert Hall for the period of the Motor Exhibition.

Two new cars of exceptional interest are featured in the Ford programme, the new "Eight" and the new "V-8 22."

The new "Eight" strikes a quite fresh note in appearance for cars of its class, the bodywork sweeping in flowing contours from front to rear.

Body-conformity seating, well-less floors, tubular-frame front seats, and entirely new fully-compensated braking are outstanding points.

The price is £117 10s., while a saloon de luxe, with many additional refinements, costs £127 10s.

As to the new "V-8 22," more than three inches have been added to the leg-room in the rear seats, while head-room has also been increased.

This increased accommodation, together with increased luggage-space, has been achieved by carefully re-designing the body layout. The wheelbase has not been lengthened.

This new edition of the already popular Ford "V-8" sells at £240.

(Continued on page L)

roomier and more luxurious than ever

In appearance, typical of the best traditions of English body-work these powerful fast new cars achieve a combination of performance and comfort never before reached in motoring. They start on the instant, keep going all day at effortless and high speed and incorporate features that make driving under all conditions, by day or night, safe and unbelievably luxurious.

THE *NEW* SUPER SIXES

New features include — "Phased Suspension" entirely eliminating bounce and sway — an exclusive night-pass lighting system (a touch of the foot extinguishes offside head lamp, simultaneously clarifying nearside curb with fog lamp) — redesigned frame increasing rear track to 61 inches — and new light-foot single plate clutch.

Wolseley

THE TRUSTWORTHY CAR

The new Super Sixes are priced from £380. A remarkable 12/48 h.p. Saloon which seats 5 people in "pullman" comfort and incorporates features never before offered in a car of this rating, is also announced — prices from £245. So successful have been Wolseleys recently introduced 14/56 h.p. and 18/80 h.p. models, they are continued unchanged for next season completing what is the most distinguished range of motor cars on the road today.

WOLSELEY PRICES. 12/48 h.p. Saloon, from **£245.** 14/56 h.p. Saloon, from **£260.** 14/56 Salon de Ville, **£325.** 18/80 h.p. Saloon, from **£280.** 18/80 h.p. Salon de Ville, **£335.** "Super Sixes", from **£380.** 25 h.p. "Super Six" Limousine, **£750.** All prices ex works. Dunlop Tyres, Triplex Glass and Jackall Jacks are standard equipment on Wolseley cars.

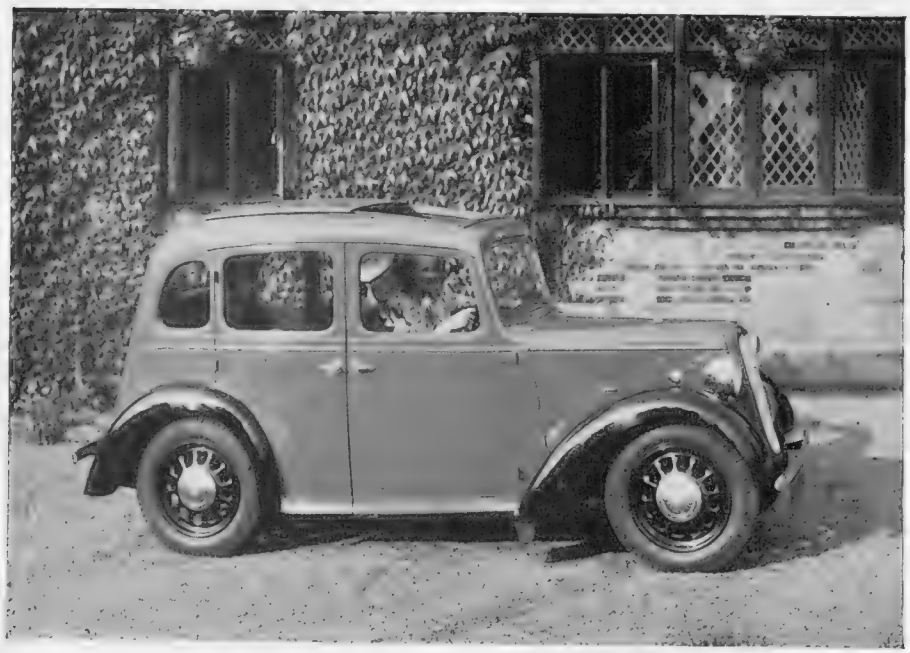
Wolseley Motors Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham, 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley St., W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England

BUY THE BETTER BUILT BRITISH CAR

• "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

Armstrong Siddeley: *the "Town and Country" saloon, seen here, is rated at 25 h.p. and sells at £595*

Rover: *included in this firm's 1938 programme is this smart version of the "Twelve" saloon*



Austin: *don't miss the new "Big Seven" saloon at £160 — it is on Stand 104*

Hillman

A NEW 14-h.p. model is the outstanding feature of the Hillman range for next year.

This car embodies many refinements such as "Evenkeel" independent front-wheel suspension, "Triflex" cushion mounting for the 13·9 h.p. side-valve, four-cylinder engine, synchromesh on all four gears, and insert steel valve-seatings.

A fine performance is claimed for it, even when it is transporting the full complement of five adult passengers, for whom accommodation is ample.

The price of the 14-h.p. saloon is £248, while in de luxe form the price is £268.

The Hillman range will also include the "Minx" in an improved form.

For a 10-h.p. car to provide such exceptional luggage-accommodation as the "Minx" does is truly remarkable.

Synchromesh on all four gears and draughtless ventilation are two additional refinements. The price is £169.

Humber

THE Humber range features two notable new cars. First in importance is the new 21-h.p. "Snipe."

Light to handle for all its roominess, economical to run despite its lively performance, the new "Snipe" is a certain winner.

As in the case of all four Humber types for 1938, the engine is a six-cylinder unit in which are embodied many refinements making for long service with minimum wear.

The other newcomer to the Humber range is the "Sixteen."

This car, whilst following the same general lines as the new "Snipe," provides the owner-driver with a full five-seater saloon, which he will find exceedingly easy to maintain and delightfully economical in its running costs. Its rating is 16·9 h.p. (tax £12 15s.) and its price £330.

The Humber range is completed by the "Pullman" and the "Snipe Imperial," which latter supersedes last year's "Snipe."

Lagonda

AT the time of writing, the Lagonda plans for next season are shrouded in mystery, but it is common knowledge that this Company's resources are being concentrated on the new "Twelve," designed by W. O. Bentley and his confrères.

From all accounts this car is a dream of beauty to gaze upon, while its performance is simply staggering.

Speeds ranging from 4 m.p.h. to more than thirty times that figure in top gear are spoken of, while it is said that the time it takes to span the intervening gap is less than it takes to write this sentence!

On no account miss paying a visit to the Lagonda stand at Earl's Court, for I am led to believe that they will show you something absolutely unique in super cars.

M.G.

THE M.G. Car Company, having enjoyed one of the most prosperous years in their history, have wisely decided to continue their present programme without alteration, apart from the introduction of a new open tourer body by Charlesworth on the 2-litre chassis.

(*Continued on page* R)

British Cars are Better Built

BUY A BRITISH CAR

-and last longer

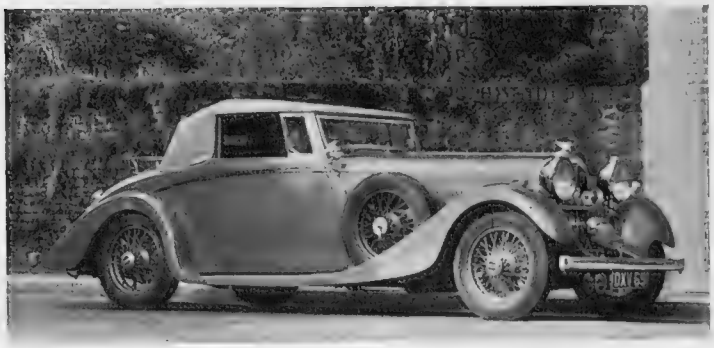
THERE ARE 287 FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

• "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

Sense Before Streamlining

The Trend of Coachwork for 1938

By The Earl of Cardigan



Hooper: *the bodywork has been designed for a 4¼-litre Bentley chassis*

I HAVE often thought that coachbuilders and designers of coachwork are given much less credit by the motoring community than they really deserve. When one compares an old car with a new one, and sees how much progress has been made, it should be evident that the body has been subject to at least as much careful and skilled development as the chassis.

Anyone who visits the present Motor Show, and goes round Earl's Court with no eyes except for new valve gears or transmission systems, is inevitably going to miss a great deal that is of interest. The coachwork designed for 1938 may not have many startling outward characteristics, but it displays very definite tendencies in certain directions.

It will be seen, for instance, that there has been a decided reaction from the extreme forms of streamlining. The present attitude of the coachbuilder to the streamline controversy is a strictly rational one. No longer are we asked to believe that a car will go faster or more economically by virtue of having a sloping rear panel. (A year ago, some people seriously believed this !)

THE truth, of course, is that very long, gently flowing curves might have such an effect. The short, abrupt curves, which are inevitable with normal motor-car construction, can be of no serious value. The air-flow will not follow such curves. It breaks away from them, swirling and eddying behind the car in the bad old way, and creating just as much "drag" as ever.

There will never be such a thing as a genuinely streamlined car so long as we carry the engine in front, with three passengers sitting abreast at the back. Put the passengers in front and the engine behind, and there might be a different tale to tell.

For 1938 the streamline style survives for one reason only. It is found to be attractive to the eye. It provides the coachbuilder with a pleasing motif. It appeals to the public taste, especially in conjunction with a sporting type of chassis.

In no case, now, is seating comfort sacrificed. Indeed, the one common factor of all 1938 coachwork is the increasing comfort and space provided. Moreover, it is not only in big cars that one finds generous leg-room and head-room. The best modern light cars are exemplary in these respects.

A RECENT development which should be studied is the way in which some cars, with no great over-all height, contrive to provide a rear compartment from which foot-wells are absent. There is a perfectly flat floor, at a low level, with no central propeller-shaft housing to irk the feet of the passengers when three of them sit abreast.

In such a case, we find that chassis and coachwork designers have been in close collaboration. The propeller shaft is kept below its normal level, thanks to a "hypoid" rear axle. Not many motorists as yet understand what this means.

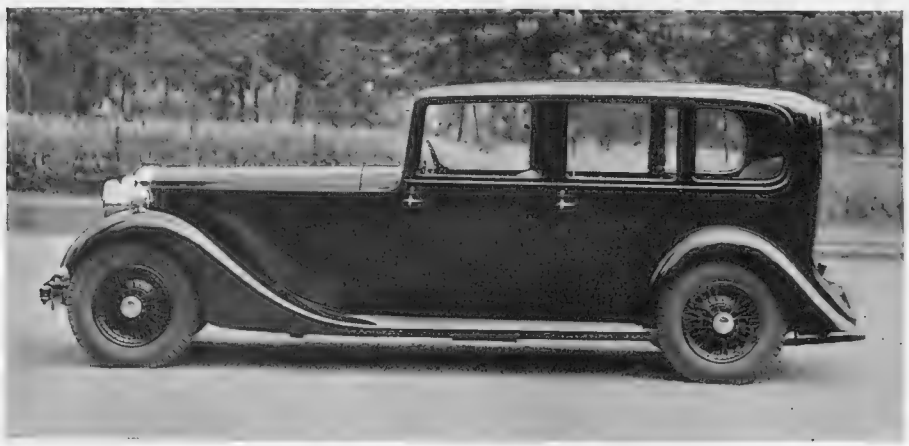
Briefly, a normal rear axle consists of a crown wheel driven by a pinion—this pinion making contact "half-way up" on the rim of the crown wheel. With a hypoid axle, however, the contact is made at a much lower point on the crown-wheel's rim—several inches nearer to its lowest extremity.

WHEN one comes to "figure out" this arrangement, it is clear that there are tremendous mechanical problems involved in the construction of a hypoid axle. It must suffice to say that all these can be—and are—solved. The propeller shaft is kept lower, the floor of the car is left unobstructed, and this type of axle operates as silently and efficiently as any.

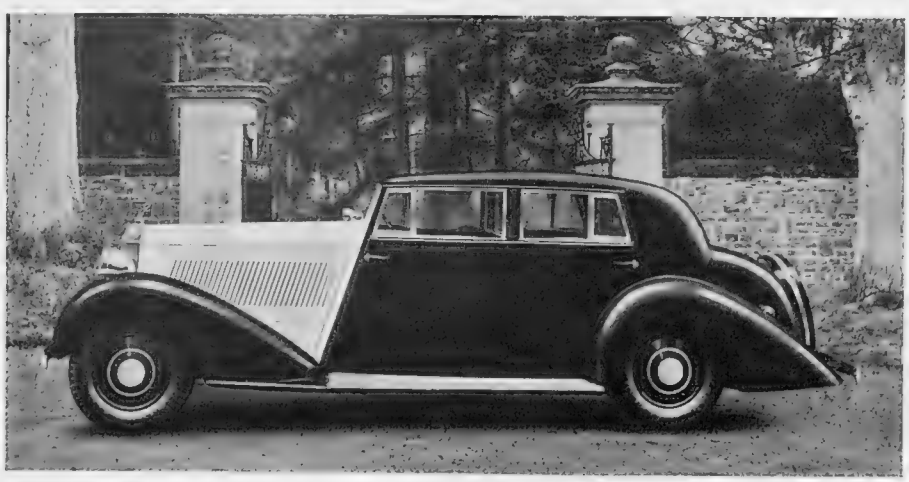
Apart from seating comfort, a lot of progress has lately been made towards greater convenience in coachwork. Luggage boots, for example, have become more practical. The common arrangement is to have a space at the back of the car which will enclose several suitcases, but with a panel which can act as a grid for a large trunk when lowered to a horizontal position.

In some cases, the enclosed compartment is provided with special suitcases, which fit exactly into the space available. These will naturally hold about twice as much material as any haphazard collection of suitcases bought

(*Concluded on page* P)



Hooper: *a new enclosed limousine with a division behind the driving seat — fitted to a 32-h.p. Daimler chassis*



Barker and Co.: *cellulosed in black and grey-white, this limousine coachwork is on the new "Phantom III." Rolls-Royce chassis*

Stonehenge, Wiltshire. The origin of this world-famed prehistoric megalith and the source of the stones which form it are matters for conjecture. Its exact locality is two miles outside Amesbury to the West.

Route from London—Staines, Bagshot, Camberley, Hartley Wintney, Basingstoke (by-pass), Andover, Amesbury. 85 miles.

Some makes of car announce 'special' models —for which a higher price is asked. If you will carefully compare their performance and specification with the perfectly standard M.G. you will make an interesting discovery. On every point the M.G. competes more than favourably with these 'specials' — but doesn't cost as much.

MG

SAFETY FAST!

"British cars are better built — British cars last longer"

M.G. Midget Series T £222 • M.G. 1½-Litre from £280 • M.G. Two-Litre from £389 • Prices ex works. Dunlop, Triplex

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED · ABINGDON-ON-THAMES · BERKSHIRE

A1 SOLE EXPORTERS—M.I.E. LTD . COWLEY · OXFORD · ENGLAND

• "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

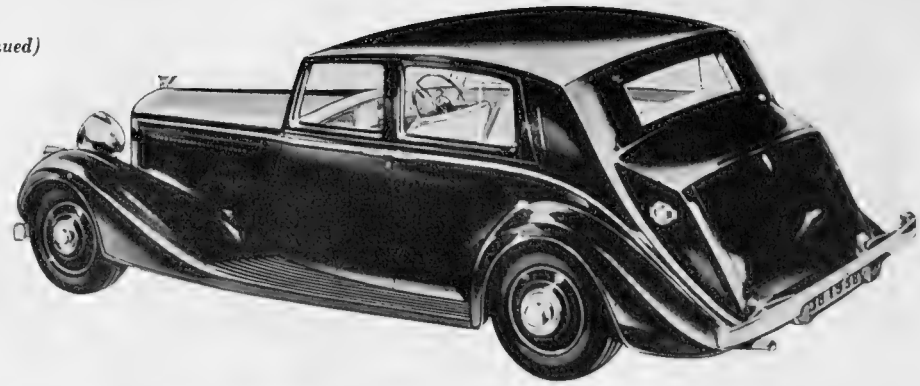
Sense Before Streamlining *(continued)*

independently, besides permitting the luggage boot to be closed and locked without difficulty.

SOME years ago, these fitted suitcases were only available on cars of the most exclusive type. Now, however, they are quite widely used. I believe I am correct in saying that certain cars in the £200-£300 class are provided with them. As "optional extras" they might be still more generally employed.

The majority of such refinements, naturally, are first seen on cars which carry "special" coachwork—the work of coachwork specialists. Subsequently, if the manufacturing costs are not too high, they are adapted for general use, and begin to appear on cars with ordinary "standard" bodywork.

It is this process of selection which makes it so instructive to go round the stands in the Coachwork Section at the Motor Show. Those who can afford to do so may actually purchase cars there which, in certain particulars, are several years ahead of the standard productions. The rest of us, even though we may be prevented from giving an actual order, can observe something of "the shape of things to come," and see by what tendencies the coachwork of the immediate future is likely to be influenced.



Jack Barclay: *the coachwork was built to the order of Mr. Barclay, who exhibits this 4¼-litre Bentley on Park Ward's Stand No. 37*

Hooper: *a sports body from the St. James's Street firm is here seen on a Rolls Royce "Phantom III." chassis*

IT'S NEW... IT'S A TEN...

A TRUE VAUXHALL

STANDARD SALOON **£168** DE LUXE SALOON £182

THIS latest and greatest Ten-four, backed by a thirty year tradition for building fine quality cars, brings an entirely new kind of motoring into the 10 h.p. field.

No other car in the world combines such lively performance with such extreme petrol economy (over 40 m.p.g.) It has an all-steel integral body and chassis . . . many exclusive mechanical refinements and embodies big car luxury features never before offered in a light car.

From radiator to rear light the new Ten-four is a true Vauxhall, distinctively smart — yet the Standard Saloon costs only £168. The De Luxe Saloon with No-Draught Ventilation, sliding roof and other detail refinements costs £182.

Full production is now in progress and deliveries will commence early in November. Ask your local Vauxhall dealer for catalogues and full particulars, or, write to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton.

NO OTHER 10 h.p. HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

A ROOMY FOUR-SEATER SALOON . . .
ample head, leg and elbow room, good visibility.

LIVELY PERFORMANCE . . .
accelerates from rest to 50 m.p.h. in 22.5 seconds.

EXCEPTIONAL ECONOMY . . .
over 40 miles per gallon

INDEPENDENT FRONT WHEEL SPRINGING . . .
changing riding into gliding.

INTEGRAL BODY AND CHASSIS . . .
all-steel construction for strength and long life.

VAUXHALL CONTROLLED SYNCHRO-MESH . . .
for easy gear changing . . . all gears helical for silence.

HYDRAULIC BRAKES . . .
for a smooth "straight-line" stop.

NO-DRAUGHT VENTILATION . . .
for fresh air without draughts.

ENCLOSED LUGGAGE ACCOMMODATION . . .
in a roomy spare wheel compartment.

DOUBLE THERMOSTAT CONTROL . . .
for rapid warming up when starting.

EASE OF MAINTENANCE . . .
there are only 12 oil-gun nipples.

The VAUXHALL 10 four

The World's Most Economical Ten

● "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

Humber: *the new "Snipe" saloon (20 h.p.) has all the shapeliness of its predecessors with enhanced performance and appointments*

Thus the M.G. range comprises the Series T "Midget" at £222, the 1½-litre with four-seater open tourer at £280, a four-door saloon at £325, and a Salmons folding-head foursome at £351.

On the 2-litre chassis the equivalent bodies to those on the 1½-litre chassis cost £399, £389, and £415 respectively.

The elegance of the 1½-litre and 2-litre M.G.s is evidenced by the amazing record of successes scored by these cars in coachwork competitions this year.

Morris

THE introduction of the Morris "Twelve-Four" Series III., with its 11·9-h.p. overhead-valve engine, is a motoring occasion, for this car embodies several features of outstanding interest, including a four-speed box, with synchromesh on second, third, and fourth. Lockheed brakes are standard, and the long, semi-elliptic springs are controlled by Armstrong hydraulic shock-absorbers with special cold-weather regulation.

A large 12-volt dynamo, with automatic voltage control, supplies a battery which is mounted on the dash under the bonnet and is easily accessible.

The saloon can be obtained with a fixed head at £205, or with a sliding-head and real leather upholstery at £215. On both models Jackall in-built jacks are available at £5 extra.

Other alterations in the Morris range include the introduction of the Series II. Morris "Eight" at new prices ranging from £126.

The following three Series III. models have overhead-valve engines and detail alterations as regards bodywork and chassis.

Series III. "Ten-Four" at prices ranging from £185, and the Series III. "Fourteen" at £248 10s. A Series III. "Twenty-five" sliding-head saloon at £320, and a coupé at £345 complete the range.

Riley

INTERESTING modifications and improvements are announced by Riley (Coventry), Ltd., in their new season's programme. The range of models includes, in addition to the well-known 1½-litre and 15-h.p. "Six," a new 16-h.p. four-cylinder and an 18-h.p. "V-8."

Dual-overdrive, an alternative to the well-known pre-selector gear transmission, is now offered. This provides five forward speeds with only three gear-lever positions, overdrive on second and top gears being obtained automatically when the accelerator pedal is released.

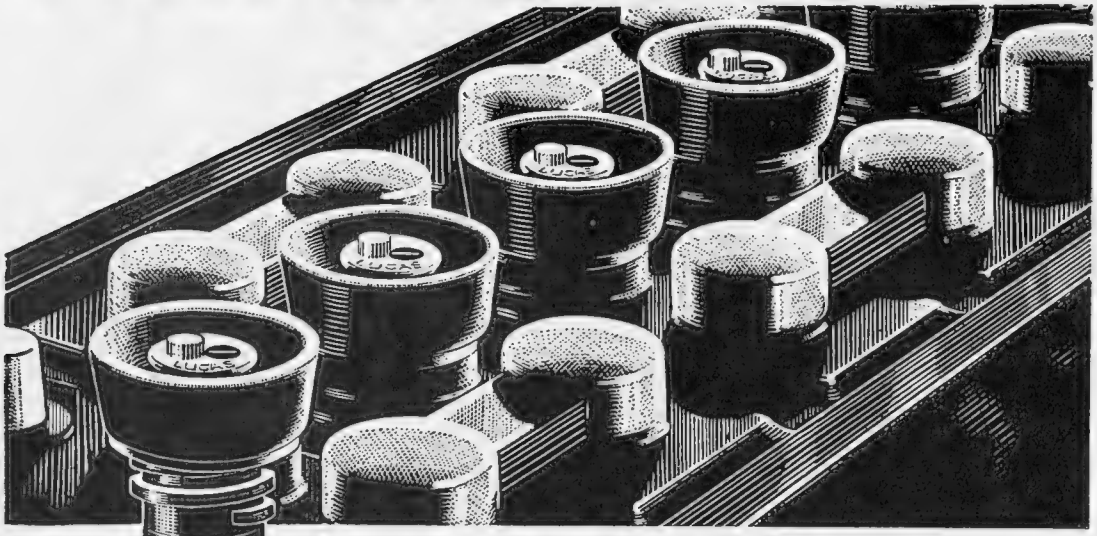
Bodies on the 1½-litre chassis range from £346 to £385, while for the sporting enthusiast the two-seater "Sprite" remains at £450.

The 16-h.p. model recently announced is a big four-cylinder, and is fitted with dual overdrive transmission only. Four types of saloon bodywork are available on this chassis. The touring saloon, £385. the "Adelphi," £405, the "Kestrel," £415, and the close-coupled, £415.

The 18-h.p. "V-8" continues unchanged as a five-seater saloon at £475.

(*Continued on page* T)

EVERY LUCAS BATTERY HAS 2 YEARS INSURED LIFE!



EARLS COURT STAND 291

You get **TWO YEARS' INSURED LIFE** with all Lucas Batteries, at no extra cost. At any time within two years of purchase your battery will be exchanged for a new one at cost proportionate to the length of service.

SIX MONTHS' FREE SERVICE is available with every new Lucas Battery at any of our 500 Official Battery Service Agents. When you take delivery of a new car get in touch with our nearest agent and register for this service.

SIMPLEST TO MAINTAIN because with the *Lucas patented combined acid-level indicator filler cup and vent plug you can inspect the acid level and top up without removing the vent plugs. When supplied with Battery: Extra:—6-volt 2/-; 12-volt 4/-; Separately to fit existing Lucas Batteries:—3 vents 4/-; 6 vents 7/6;

Ask your local Garage for full details, or write for full list of Agents and Battery literature

LUCAS COMBINED FILLER CUP & ACID LEVEL INDICATOR

LUCAS C.A.V. ROTAX BATTERY SERVICE

JOSEPH LUCAS LIMITED BIRMINGHAM 19

JAGUAR

1938 RANGE

With seven new bodies and three distinct chassis — 3½ litre, 2½ litre and 1½ litre — the Jaguar models for 1938 are predestined to eclipse an already established record of refinement and performance. The 3½ litre — an entirely new model — offers an exceptionally smooth and silent 95 m.p.h., and like all models except the "100" open two-seater, provides full 5-seater accommodation. Widespread improvement in the 2½ litre model has resulted in an even more impressive performance, while the new 1½ litre has an overhead valve engine of a design already tried and tested.

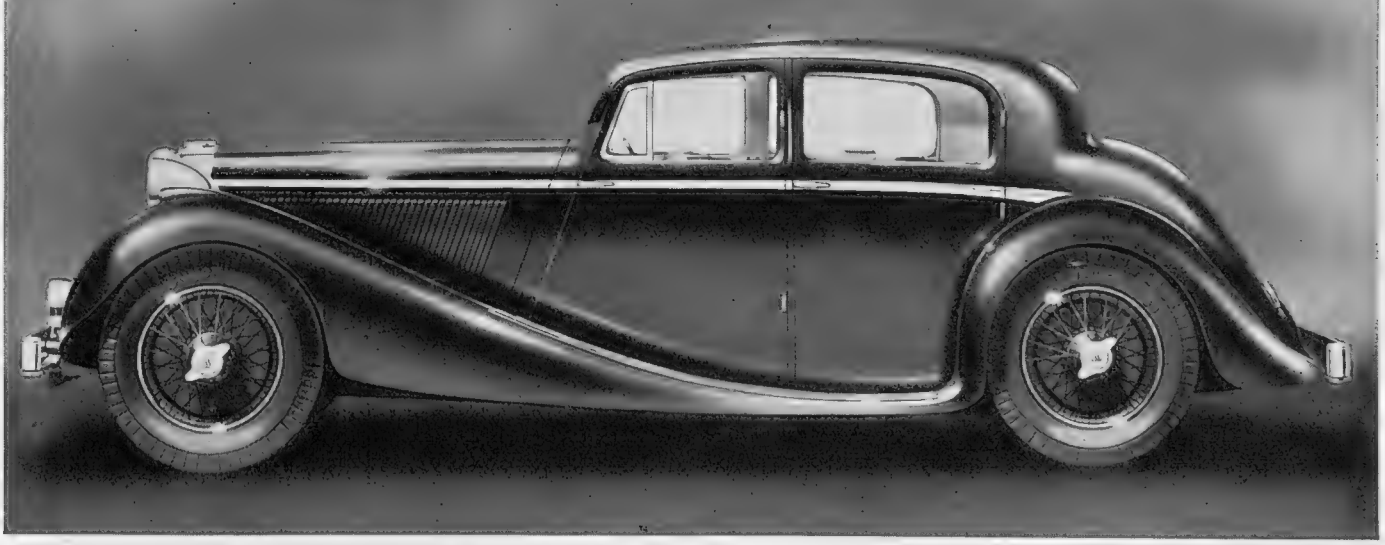
On all 1938 chassis either Drophead Coupe or Saloon bodies are available — both affording full five-seater accommodation.

MANUFACTURED BY SS CARS LTD., COVENTRY

MODELS AND PRICES

1½ LITRE SALOON - - -	£298	3½ LITRE SALOON - - -	£445
1½ LITRE DROPHEAD COUPE	£318	3½ LITRE DROPHEAD COUPE	£465
2½ LITRE SALOON - - -	£395	"100" 3½ LITRE MODEL - -	£445
2½ LITRE DROPHEAD COUPE	£415	"100" 2½ LITRE MODEL - -	£395

STAND 57, *Motor Exhibition, Earls Court*



LONDON SHOWROOMS: HENLYS LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

Rover

THE Rover Company state that "change in design merely for the sake of change" forms no part of their manufacturing policy, and the soundness of this principle is conclusively shown by the continued demand. Nevertheless, no channel is left unexplored which might result in improvement.

No new models for next year have been announced, but a comprehensive display of their current range will be on view, including the "Ten" saloon, which sells at £255, the "Twelve" saloon (£300), the "Fourteen" saloon (£320), the "Sixteen" saloon (£360), the sports saloon (£370), and the 20-h.p. sports saloon (£425).

India Tyres: *three ways of making a car look very smart can be seen above — the tyres are as hard-wearing as they are good-looking*

S.S. "Jaguar"

THE new 3½-litre S.S. "Jaguar" is one of the handsomest and at the same time one of the best performers among 1938 cars.

In addition to this really distinguished car, the S.S. Company have added a new 1½-litre "Jaguar" to their range.

The 3½-litre, which has a six-cylinder overhead-valve engine incurring an annual tax of £18 15s., sells, with a four-door saloon body, at £445, and with a drop-head coupé at £465.

The new 1½-litre "Jaguar" is a four-cylinder model (tax £10 10s.), but despite its comparatively low horse-power and its spacious body-proportions, it attains a maximum speed of 75 m.p.h.

Finished beautifully throughout, the price of this attractive car is only £298 for the four-door saloon, or, with drop-head coupé body, £318.

The 2½-litre model is being continued, but the exhaust system has been modified, resulting in an increase in power developed.

The four-door saloon on this chassis costs £395 and the drop-head coupé £415.

For the sportsman who wants a competitions car which combines snappy performance with beauty of line, there is the S.S. "100" short-chassis two-seater, costing £395 with the 2½-litre engine and £445 with the new 3½-litre unit.

Standard

A NOTABLE range is offered by the Standard Motor Company for 1938, no fewer than eleven different models being listed.

Of all the less-expensive cars, the "Flying" Standards are, perhaps, the most economical to maintain and run.

Thus, for instance, the "Flying Standard Twelve," which is the most popular of the range, has room for five people, attains a speed of 70 m.p.h., does 30 miles to the gallon, and sells at £205.

Other models and prices are as follows: "Flying Standard Nine," £152 10s.,

(*Concluded on page* V)

. . . ON 10, 12, 14 & 25 H.P. MODELS

★ *Vivid Acceleration is of course as great a safety factor as good braking*

If you don't buy Morris at least buy a car made in the United Kingdom

MORRIS

EARLS COURT STAND 65

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD (Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exports Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England) M.207

ROLLS-ROYCE DESIGNED THIS RADIATOR THIRTY YEARS AGO

"If one goes back to the first Rolls-Royce one saw—on a Scottish moor, rolling down to Goodwood, or idling through the Berkeley Square that was — one must realise that the car of *then* looked little different from the car of *now*.

The point is significant, for Rolls-Royce has never changed for the sake of change. There have been improvements, but not improvisations. The radiator of thirty years ago, which a friend once described to me as being 'as instinctively right as an Adams portico' will be no less distinguished in 1947 than it is in 1937.

I think that the car emphasises more vividly than any other the futility of constant switching and changing about to meet what is believed to be a passing fashion in exterior line."

The Morning Post 9th September 1937

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 MAYFAIR 6201

Showrooms — St. James's Street.

The Finest Car in the World

HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

By Appointment

More than a hundred years of practical experience is represented in every motor body completed by Hooper & Co. Prospective purchasers are invited to inspect the wide range of latest examples of fine coachwork to be seen at 54, St. James's Street, and at the new works at Park Royal, also at Earl's Court, Stand No. 45, from October 14-23. Hooper & Co. always have in stock many used cars of outstanding value.

Hooper Coachwork will be exhibited at Earls Court on the following Stands

HOOPER 45
ROLLS-ROYCE 83
DAIMLER 85

New Factory—Park Royal.

Kennington Service

HOOPER & CO

(COACHBUILDERS) LTD

Motor Body Builders to His Majesty The KING

54, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W. 1

de luxe, £162 10s.; "Ten," £172 10s., de luxe, £182 10s.; "Twelve" drop-head coupé, £245; "Fourteen," £255; touring saloon, £275; "Twenty," £295; touring saloon, £325; and the 20-h.p. "V-8," £325.

Talbot

YEAR by year, one of the most interesting stands at the Motor Show is that of the Talbot Company.

This company has learned much from its many years of racing experience, and all the best of this knowledge is built into its cars.

The chief change in their programme for 1938 lies in such detail modifications and refinements as have taken place on the 10-h.p. model.

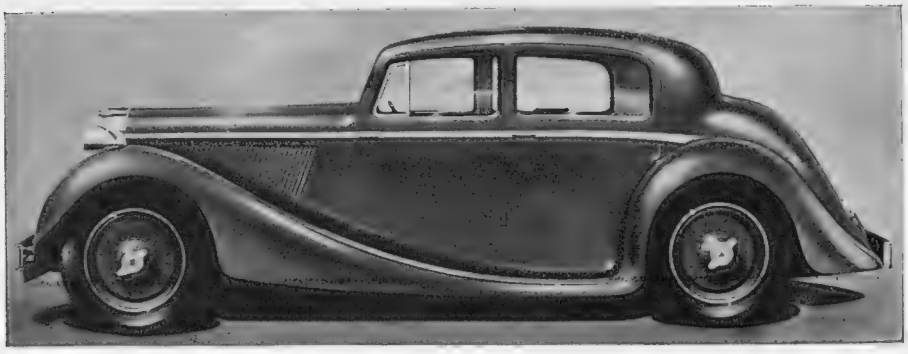
Alterations to the engine have been included which, it is claimed, will give greater power and stamina.

Externally, the same pleasing lines will characterise these cars, but a new type of body-lustre finish called "Jewel-essence" will add still more to their appearance.

Distinctive wheel discs, with chromium rims and centres, further enhance the good looks of the 1938 Talbot "Ten," the sports tourer model of which costs £248, the sports saloon £255, and the foursome drop-head coupé, £285.

Vauxhall

OF the Vauxhall cars for 1938, interest centres on the new 10-h.p. four-cylinder model just announced.



S.S. "Jaguar": this marque, noted for its good lines, produces another range of handsome models—here is the 1½-litre saloon

This unique little car embodies independent suspension and a host of other refinements which make for comfort at speed. This, together with its outstanding economy, makes it one of the most interesting and important of all the new cars for 1938.

Detail improvements on the 25-h.p. Vauxhall for next year include all-synchromesh three-speed gear-box, which eliminates double-declutching, while features which will be greatly appreciated during the next few months are the built-in car-heater and windscreen-defroster. The price of the saloon has risen slightly to £315, but at this price the 25-h.p. Vauxhall is still memorable value.

Wolseley

LAST, but by no means least in this alphabetical survey of some of the most interesting 1938 cars, we come to the new season's Wolseleys.

Four new models—three super-sixes of 16 h.p., 21 h.p., and 25 h.p. respectively and a new 12-48-h.p. four-cylinder model—are featured, together with the 14-56-h.p. "Six" and the 18-80-h.p. "Six."

Wolseleys have long been renowned for their internal spaciousness. The new cars are even better in this respect, while particular attention to their springing has resulted in "phased suspension," which, it is claimed, gives luxuriously comfortable riding.

The Wolseley prices range from £245 to £750, with a round dozen models, and within the compass of that range will be found models to fulfil every grade of touring requirement.

Times change so does Shell

Shell has always been a contemporary spirit. It belongs to 1937 as much as it belonged to 1907. Between these years lies a big difference made up of countless small improvements, each of which was made immediately it became desirable and possible. When you buy a new car you will find that Shell suits it perfectly; for Shell keeps in step with motor-car design.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Are you going to Bucks, Cornwall, Derbyshire, Devon, Dorset, Durham, Hants, Kent, Northumberland, Somerset or Wiltshire? If so, take a **Shell Guide-book**: at all Booksellers **2/6** each.

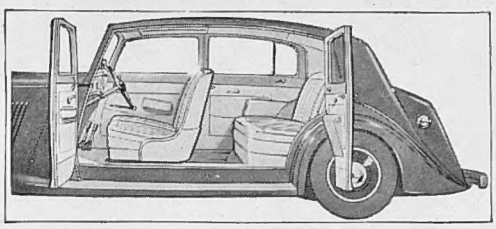
During the Motor Show

UNIQUE EXHIBITION *of* BENTLEY cars

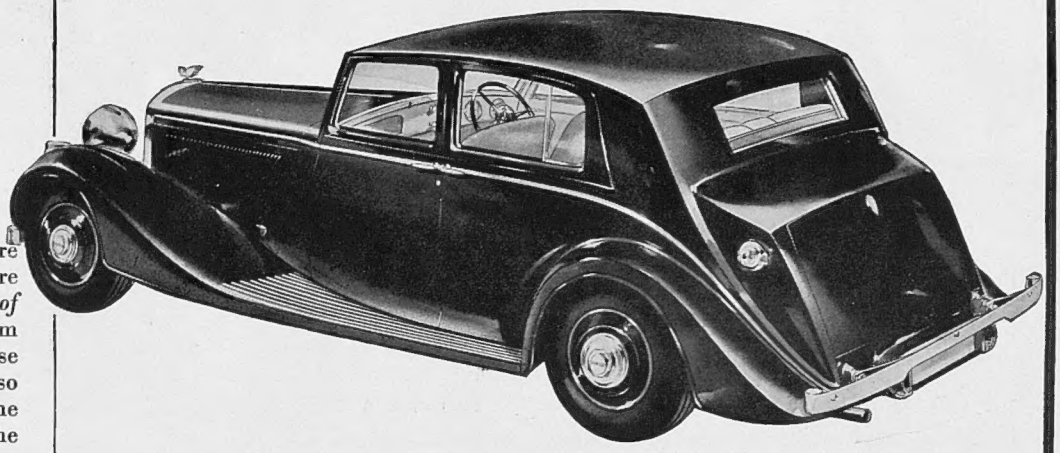
At their famous Hanover Square showrooms Jack Barclay are holding a *Special Exhibition of Rolls-Royce and Bentley* from October 14 to 23. Nowhere else can you examine side by side so large and varied a selection of fine coachwork for the Best Car in the World and The Silent Sports Car.

The car seen here is one of those on display — a Pillarless Saloon on a 4¼-litre Bentley chassis in the latest "squared" style and of All-Steel construction. It is also to be seen at the Motor Show on Messrs. Park Ward's stand No. 37.

The BARCLAY Pillarless Saloon



You see here the great advantage of Pillarless design . . . the low, graceful lines of a Sports Saloon, yet the absence of any 'pillar' between the doors enables you to get in and out very easily.

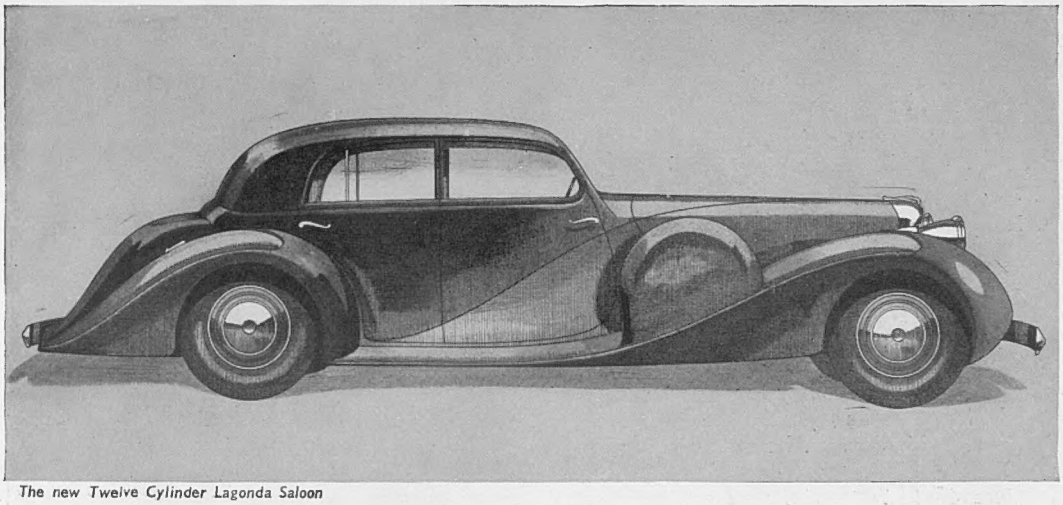


Jack BARCLAY Ltd.

Opposite St. George's Church

12-13 GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Phone: Mayfair 7444 (20 lines)



The new Twelve Cylinder Lagonda Saloon

New LAGONDA programme

TWO ENTIRELY NEW MOTOR CARS BY

W. O. BENTLEY

- New low-built ultra-rigid frame.
- New Lagonda-design independent front-wheel suspension.
- New shock-free precision steering.
- New light-action Lockheed Safety Brakes.
- All-quiet centre-change gear-box, all syn-chromesh except from 2nd-1st.
- New Lagonda coachwork of advanced design, a perfected combination of sheer beauty and comfort.

Six Cylinder

10′ 7½″ chassis ...	£875
"Rapide"	£1,150
Saloon	£1,195
Drophead Coupe ...	£1,220
11′ 3½″ chassis ...	£895
de Ville	£1,275
*Sedanca de Ville ...	£1,540

Twelve Cylinder

10′ 4″ chassis ...	£1,200
Tourer	£1,485
Saloon	£1,550
Drophead Coupe ...	£1,575
11′ chassis	£1,225
de Ville	£1,625
*Sedanca de Ville ...	£1,870
11′ 6″ chassis ...	£1,250
*Seven passenger Limousine	£1,850

LAGONDA MOTORS LTD., STAINES, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND. TELEPHONE: STAINES 1122 (5 Lines).

* *Coachwork by Thrupp & Maberley.*

ACCESSORIES

for the Man-about-Town

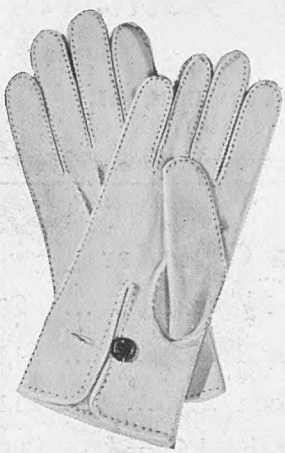
MAN-ABOUT-WESTMINSTER

Black Homburg with curled brim, for day or evening wear. Light and comfortable; black leather and lining. 21/-

Umbrella, with light or dark Pigskin-covered handle and twill silk cover on Fox frame. 30/-

Hogskin Gloves for style and serviceability. Natural colour; hand-sewn; one button or pull-on style. . . . 18/6

MAN-ABOUT-THE-CITY



The new Gordon Bowler for Autumn wear. Light in weight and of comfortable fit. Lined black satin. Sizes $6\frac{5}{8}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$ 25/-

Extra slim Umbrella with thin Silk cover on metal tube and silver slide. Malacca, Whangee or dark Cane. 25/-

Buckskin Gloves. Heavy weight, natural colour. Black hand-stitching; one button style. 14/6
(Sac wrist, pull-on style 16/6).

MAN-ABOUT-CLUBLAND

Grey Homburg of fine quality fur felt, lined white satin. Comfortable head leather, good silk band and binding. Also Brown, Hazel, Black, Navy. Sizes $6\frac{5}{8}$ to $7\frac{3}{8}$. 21/-

Malacca Cane Umbrella with glacé silk cover on Fox frame. 35/-
Silver or gilt band 5/- extra.

'London Tan' Gloves. Good-looking, hard-wearing Capeskin in the new golden shade. Hand-sewn; one button style. Sizes 7 to 9. . 10/6

THE MAN'S SHOP **Harrods**

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

THE WONDER HOTEL
All-the-year-round season

Here is a standard of entertainment unequalled throughout the world. Everything is included in the terms: golf on the famous championship short course; tennis in the grounds, and also on the magnificent new covered courts—the most up-to-date in the country; squash rackets, badminton, croquet, indoor and outdoor bowls; covered swimming pool and electrically equipped gymnasium; the best ballroom in the West, flanked by the finest sun lounges in Europe; talking pictures, entertainments, cabarets, Jean Salder and his famous broadcasting orchestra; dance host and hostess; special instructors for golf, tennis, squash, swimming, gymnasium; 100-car capacity garage; 25 acres of beautiful grounds; free golf on the well-known Churston Course. Brochure on request.

PALACE TORQUAY
The finest Hotel on the English Coast

Telephone: Torquay 2271

MEDICINE HAT

"What have you been doing to my hat, Hawkins?"

"Might I examine the hat for one moment, Sir? Ah, yes, Sir. This hat was made in Medicine Hat, Alberta, by a firm described as Gandle & Hueffer. It is not your hat."

"I *thought* my head hadn't shrunk, Hawkins — it feels the size of a prize marrow, with a painful thumping going on inside. This hat belongs to a Canadian gentleman."

"I take it, Sir, that you had a somewhat cheerful evening?"

"Hands across the sea, Hawkins. Eternal friendship. Deep calling to deep. I fear my friend from Canada may also be feeling a little the worse for wear."

"Might I suggest, Sir, that such — er — mornings after are rather an anachronism nowadays? A glass of Rose's Lime Juice, consumed before bed, eliminates the after effects before they can arise. This therapeutic action Sir . . ."

"Do you mean to tell me, Hawkins, that this Rose's Lime Juice really works?"

"Indubitably, Sir."

"Then lay in a crate of it forthwith. Or perhaps two crates."

"Very good, Sir."

"And Hawkins!"

"Sir?"

"You might send a bottle to the Canadian gentleman with my compliments. And ask him if he's got my hat."

ASK FOR GIN AND ROSE'S

SHORT DRINK—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts gin. LONG DRINK—add soda

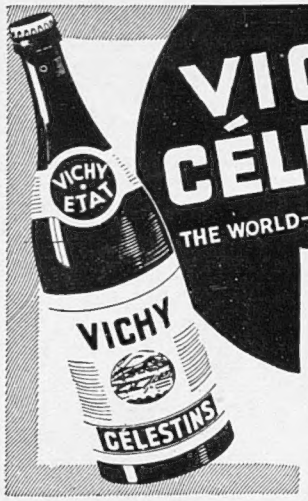
CLEAR THAT COLD WITH VAPEX

Breathe the Vapex vapour from your handkerchief by day and from the end of your pillow by night. It kills the germs, relieves stuffiness, prevents the spread of infection.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V163 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD

Private CASH Advances
By W. H. DURHAM LIMITED,
14, Clifford St., London, W.1. Est. 1913.
£50 to £5,000
Without Security.



VICHY-CÉLESTINS
THE WORLD-RENOWNED NATURAL MINERAL WATER

RHEUMATISM

VICHY-CÉLESTINS is Nature's own antidote for warding off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism*. Drink it *regularly* at meals, and at any other time. *Obtainable everywhere.*

● CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.,
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London.

Approved by doctors
Famous for 50 years
YOUR CHEMIST SELLS
RENDELLS

BY APPOINTMENT

● A new kind of sock. Self-supporting. No suspenders needed. The special patented design with a top band containing Lastex yarn does the trick. They can't come down. They don't let you down. No drag, no tightness round the leg. From 4/6. Obtainable from: Army and Navy Stores, Austin Reed, Colletts, Fortnum & Mason, Gieves, Harrods, Hawes & Curtis, Meakers, Morgan & Ball, Selfridge's, Simpsons, John Barkers, and Bentall's of Kingston, etc.

TENOVA
self-supporting socks

Patent No. 323457. Reg. Design 748974
Tenova Ltd., 157-161 Regent St
London, W.1. Regent 2424

I GIVE YOU A WARM WELCOME

ESSE

PATENT STOVES

A hopper-fed ESSE Anthracite Stove ensures continuous regular heat at an unequalled fuel economy—costing as little as 3d. for 24 hours continuous burning. Write for catalogue and name of nearest dealer.

SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND

LONDON : 11 Ludgate Circus, E.C.4, 8 Upper Thames St., E.C.4, 63 Conduit St., W.1

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PROTECT YOURSELF & FAMILY *-against winter ailments*

Statistics supplied by reliable medical authorities show that tens of thousands of deaths take place each year in England and Wales alone through the ravages of influenza and the common cold. Yet hundreds of thousands of people take no precautions whatever to protect themselves from infection.

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Sanitas kills all germs, protects you against colds and influenza, strengthens the gums and prevents teeth decay.

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MASTERS OF HOUNDS

May we ask your valued support this year in arranging special 'Caps' for Haig's Fund at Meets on or near Remembrance Day. Your help is essential if the British Legion is to keep pace with the ever increasing need of distressed and disabled ex-servicemen and their dependants. We thank you for your co-operation in the past and especially last year when the record sum of £544,312 was contributed.

"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old :
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them"

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 11

Ladies who will give their services as Poppy Sellers on Remembrance Day November 11, are asked to apply to their local Poppy Day Committees.

Further information will be gladly given by Capt. W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund, 29, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7.